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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

September 25, 1957

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9⁰⁰



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with Kenneth Melville as the Prince.



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The Living Bush . . .

• Orders for "The Living Bush" have exceeded our expectations. We wish to advise readers that they should not expect to receive their copies in less than ten days to a fortnight from time of despatching coupon. (See page 26.)

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SEPTEMBER 25, 1957

Vol. 25, No. 16

POOR REWARDS FOR SCIENTISTS

PROFESSOR HARRY MESSEL, of Sydney, has once again warned that Australia's shortage of scientists and technologists is extremely serious.

And he supports this with evidence that, on a population basis, Australia is producing only half as many scientific graduates as Britain, only a third as many as America, and only a quarter as many as Russia.

Although this is a scientific age, and boys these days talk and act science almost from babyhood, it isn't hard to find why they are not rushing scientific careers.

The rewards from engineering, chemistry, physics are so miserable that on the average skilled men in these professions receive about double the wage of an unskilled worker.

In Victoria recently a survey showed that doctors, lawyers, and dentists in that order earned the highest income among professional men, chemists and engineers were way down the list, and physicists earned the lowest income.

Yet the work of physicists is so vital today that national survival may depend on them.

This curious lack of money balance is also apparent in many other community-important jobs — teaching, nursing, social work, and many more. They draw lower reward than many jobs which need far less training and little devotion.

From the science viewpoint alone the conclusion is obvious: If Australia doesn't rapidly bridge the gap between skill and reward for the physicist, chemist, engineer, it will find itself so far behind that it will never catch up.

Our cover

• Elaine Fifield as Odile, with Kenneth Melville as the Prince in the Borovansky Ballet's production of "Swan Lake." The company has already visited Adelaide and Melbourne, opens in Brisbane on September 20 and in Sydney on November 12. Picture by staff photographer Gary Linney.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

We received a letter this week from Mrs. J. W. Heus, of Kurrajong Heights, N.S.W., a New Australian (from Holland), who apologised for her English and suggested that we might correct it.

HOWEVER, we liked her letter so much as it stood that we decided it would be a pity to spoil its picturesque phrasing.

"A long, long time" (she wrote) "my husband and I were looking to the pictures 'Kings of the Sky' in your Weekly from the 4th September.

"So musing, we were very curiously to the other pictures from your book 'The Living Bush.' This must be an excellent guide to learn all over the Australian nature, a nature wild and nice, very nice, but sometimes very dry, too.

"Then thousands and thousands of birds and animals will be died from thirst. They can't find any water, and to build their own water-tank—well, that they didn't learn.

"But you and me, we can help a little bit. If you are picnicking don't put along the road your empty tins but place it with the bottom down,

out of the sun, between some blackberries or shrubs. Regularly then the rain will fill it and you will be sure the birds and animals will find it."

NEXT WEEK

Winners of The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize will be announced. The winning paintings will be reproduced in color.

WE reserve most letters of praise for our private satisfaction, but we cannot resist quoting one from a doctor.

He writes: "I was delighted to read the article by Ronald McKie based on an interview with that tower of strength to our profession (Dr. Edgar Thomson) relating to the present staph scare.

"The article differs from most lay medical writing by

the possession of four distinctive qualities."

These qualities he lists as accuracy, lack of bias, constructiveness, and the fact that "the medical authority consulted for the facts is truly an authority respected by all of us in the profession."

* * *
MRS. GEORGE BRÖDSKY, of Edgecliff, Sydney, is a descendant of the Rev. Charles Mayo, who, from 1826 to 1846, was headmaster of Cheam School, where Prince Charles has been enrolled as a boarder. (See page 4.)

Mrs. Brodsky, whose barrister husband is a noted linguist and a court interpreter in Sydney, owns a large tome, weighing about 10lb., recording the family history. When this tome was brought to Australia some years ago a Customs officer asked what it was, and was told it was a family tree. "Sorry," he said, "but you can't bring plants of any kind into Australia."

What is a FILLERY

It's a combined vacuum cleaner and floor polisher. It's efficient and easy to operate. No special parts are required to convert it from cleaning to polishing. Just flick the Miracle Lever—the brushes come down—and it polishes. Flick the lever back—the brushes retract—and you proceed with your vacuum cleaning.



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DAME MARY GILMORE

by WILLIAM DOBELL

• William Dobell, outstanding Australian artist, painted this portrait of Dame Mary Gilmore, grand old lady of Australian letters, who recently celebrated her 92nd birthday and who, as a girl, helped found the communal colony of New Australia in Paraguay, South America. The Australasian Book Society commissioned the portrait.

• Dame Mary foresees criticism — See story page 13.

now!
summer
life's so
simple....

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minimum-
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TOOTAL
linen
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lightwork of
Sportscraft
classics!

You'll live in Sportscraft linens this Summer—for linen was never like this before! Now, Tootal's pure linen dries so smoothly you probably won't iron it at all! Perfection tailored by Sportscraft, it shies away from creases, keeps its smooth lines all day—sheds wrinkles overnight. Here—in Sportscraft's slender shirtwaister with contrast saddle-stitching. Wedgewood blue, sailor blue, coral, slate, sun-tan, pink, beige, black, white. XSSW-XW. About 9gns.

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THE NEW BOARDER



CHEAM SCHOOL (above) and co-headmasters Peter Beck (left) and Mark Wheeler, with Mrs. Beck. The 55-acre grounds have a swimming pool, formal garden, playing fields, nine-hole golf course. There is TV, and each boy may have his own garden. Cheam is not "exclusive." Fees are £294/10/- a term.

● Within a few days Prince Charles will kiss goodbye to his parents, and face—no doubt, with the sinking feeling of all "new boys"—his first night in a boarding-school. With 89 other boys he'll be on his own.

ALTHOUGH the Queen will suffer the fears common to all mothers leaving their eight-year-olds at school, the Duke can be reassuring. Cheam is his old prep. school of 1930-33.

Cheam, among the pine-woods near Newbury, Berkshire, is more than 300 years old. Despite the bare-boards atmosphere it is not "tough."

There is no fag system, prefects have few privileges, and the boys are looked after by Mrs. Beck, wife of one of the co-headmasters, who has three children of her own.

As at most boarding-schools, the boys are not allowed outside school grounds. Parents can send cakes and fruit for their boy's tuck-box, but not sweets and chocolates, of which each boy can buy only 4oz. a week out of 2/- a week pocket-money.

Like the other parents, the Queen and Prince Philip will be able to take their son on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon outing three times a term.

The Prince will be Charles to the other boys (their parents have been asked to explain to their sons that he gets no special treatment), Prince Charles to the servants.



OLD BOY. Aged 12, Charles' father was at Cheam with his cousin, the Marquis of Milford Haven; the Marquis' father paid Philip's fees.



NEW BOY. Charles will have his ninth birthday at school next month. His sportsmaster will be the same one who taught his father to box.



WHERE HE'LL SLEEP. A dormitory, with 200-year-old beds which have wooden slats and horsehair mattresses. The boys are issued clean socks and shirts three times a week, and must fold their clothes neatly at night. They're out of bed at 7.15 a.m.; no talking after 6.45 p.m. lights-out.



WHERE HE'LL EAT. In this dining-hall meals are eaten off bare tables. The food is the usual plain fare, and Cheam boys put it in three categories: Cheam stew (a regular dish), fruit salad (a favorite), and stodge (everything else). The chairs, traditionally, are donated by departing Old Boys.



WHERE HE'LL READ. The library. Charles, like the others, must write home once a week, and out of his 2/- pocket-money must pay for the stamp and save a coin for the collection plate on Sunday; but letters are not censored. Cheam looks for "the happy rather than the brilliant boy."



WHERE HE'LL WORK. Classrooms at Cheam, with co-headmaster Beck at one of the battered, generations-old desks. Lessons, including French, Latin, maths, Greek, are from 9 till noon, with afternoon sport. The boys have Sunday and two afternoons to themselves every week.

OODLES OF OO-LA-LA!



SKIRT HITCHED high (for comfort) Martine told newsmen she was an "actress of the classical theatre." Film critics say she's the best undressed woman in France.

TETE-ATETE between Martine and lanky Australian actor-producer Chips Rafferty. Earlier Chips bent low to kiss her hand—and male onlookers shouted, "Whacko!"

France's favorite pin-up says she laughs away the wrinkles

"I am Eve," announced French film femme fatale Martine Carol as she perched on the edge of a desk in a small office at Brisbane airport and chose a red apple from a basket of lush fruit and flowers.

A REGIMENT of newsmen and photographers nodded in agreement.

"But I am not a showgirl," she added, changing her mind and eating a strawberry.

"I am an actress of the classical theatre." And she skilfully raised the eyes of her audience away from the hemline of her side-slashed skirt and sun-tanned crossed legs.

Martine and a party of French film executives and technicians touched down in Brisbane en route to Tahiti, where they will make "Le Passager Clandestin" (The Stowaway).

Male palpitation on the Overseas Terminal tarmac started the moment Miss Carol stepped down daintily from the sleek, white TAI aircraft wearing a smooth, pale blue linen frock and box jacket.

Six-foot six-inch tall Chips Rafferty bent low to kiss her hand, and envious Aussie barrackers in the crowd of 200 people (mostly male) lining the barriers chorused "Whacko."

Later, animatedly listing the kind of men who attracted her, Miss Carol said personality was of the greatest importance.

"Naturally I like them to be taller than I am . . . (the Duke of Edinburgh ees magnificent . . .)."



DIRECTOR Ralph Habib, who will direct Martine's film in Tahiti. M. Habib was a fighter-pilot with the Free French Air Force in Britain during the war.

"But I can also love a leetle one (and a broad one, too, from the description she sketched with her arms) eef 'e 'as charm."

Martine says one of the qualities that endears her to her husband is his good temper.

"Ee is nevaire cross," she marvelled.

Martine's husband is French film director Christian Jacque, now making a film in Italy.

She was previously married to Lana Turner's former husband, American stockbroker Steven Crane.

When a reporter asked Martine the exact color of her eyes she provocatively lowered them with a fluttering of lashes and said she didn't know.

"I do not look at them today . . ."

"I nevaire sleep on planes and am so ver' tired," she apologised with a shrug.

"How do you stay lovely without sleep?" I asked, anxious for the formula for immaculate grooming and sparkling personality.

By
MARY COLES,
staff reporter

Martine threw back her head and laughed with pleasure.

"If I am beautiful it is becos I am 'appy wix life."

"Some day every woman must grow old," 34-year-old Martine philosophised. "The lines they will come."

"But if a woman keep 'appy they come this way," she pointed, tracing an upward direction over her face.

"If she let 'erself be un'appy she 'ave these . . . wrinkles." And she grimaced, indicating on her face a drooping moustache.

"So . . . I laugh and the lines go up and I 'ave 'character' instead of wrinkles when I am old."

"Ah . . . Martine! She is a real woman," enthused one of her compatriots Jack Garofalo, who flew with the party from France to cover the filming expedition for the noted French Weekly, "Paris Match."

In halting English he described how Martine smiled with her eyes . . . understood things always so very quickly . . . moved quickly . . . that she was vital and springy like "elastic."

M. Garofalo has been married for a year to a lovely young French girl who was formerly on the stage.

"I break this career she has pretty quick," he said, "French husbands let their wives have



AS A BRUNETTE in one of her films, Martine Carol appeared like this to cinemagoers. French columnists sometimes refer to her as "Miss X," because, they say, she has never made a film suitable for general exhibition.

jobs sometimes, but not too much job."

He told me that for a Frenchman beauty is usually—but not always—a woman's most important attribute.

"A pretty girl with the lines captures the eye," he explained, outlining a curvaceous figure with his hands.

"But a Frenchman also likes a woman to be gentle—one who would be a good mother."

"It is important, too, for a girl to be interesting, intelligent, and tres sympathetique."

I took the chance of finding out from him how Martine Carol looked in the morning on the plane trip before she put on make-up.

"The moment she opens

her eyes she is beautiful, because she opens them with the smile," he assured me.

"The smile is much more important than the lipstick she puts on later."

"Paris Match" newsmen have a high reputation for working in danger spots. Last year two of them were killed on assignments in Port Said and Hungary.

Youthful M. Jack Garofalo has also had his share of excitement in his five years with the paper, including assignments in Algiers and Egypt.

I asked him what was the greatest danger he expected to encounter on this trip.

"Martine Carol . . . but, of course," he replied.

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Featuring
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Zippers with the
lifetime
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For the name of your nearest store or salon please write to E. Lucas & Co. Pty. Ltd., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne. Also makers of fine lingerie.

Royal visit to North America

100 million will watch the Queen on mammoth television programme

ON past Royal tours in America, still and movie photographers have always made a competitive sport of peeping—and certainly creeping—in the hope of getting unusual angles and close-ups.

This time, however, they will be outgunned by the mammoth resources of three television networks.

The three colossi—N.B.C., C.B.S., and A.B.C.—will be going all out on their biggest special-event coverage of the year.

They are lining up batteries of mobile units, "Big Bertha" and zoomer lenses, and the hand-portable "peepie-creepie" (video descendant of the walkie-talkie).

Their aim: To afford an estimated 100 million viewers a long, intimate, and not necessarily flattering look at the couple affectionately known to Americans as "Liz and Phil."

But the less the couple look like "Liz and Phil" and the more like a Queen and a Prince the better the Royally-loving Americans will like it.

No commercials

Pomp and circumstance, with just a little of the common touch, will pay off best, say the public-opinion experts.

This is evident in the reaction to Lord Altrincham's recent attack on the Queen. Typical was the comment by one headline writer: "Stay as sweet as you are, Liz."

After putting their heads together, the networks decided to maintain the dignity of the Royal occasions by ruling out commercials.

This means a considerable sacrifice of revenue, but should do much to wipe out the disgrace of the J. Fred Muggs "scandal" of 1953. J. Fred, a trained chimpanzee, roused an Anglo-American storm with his televised antics between film clips of the Coronation ceremonies.

By ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff

● To the customary crush of pressmen and photographers who will pursue the Queen and Prince Philip on their Royal tour of Canada and America next month must now be added the 1957 touch: "Peepie-creepie."

J. Fred has since been retired to a New Jersey farm (where he has a TV set of his own).

Television cameras unfortunately will not be present at a high point of the visit, when Her Majesty and Prince Philip attend a football game between the Universities of Maryland and North Carolina at College Park, Maryland.

Famous coach

Much as the TV people would like to zoom in on Royal faces lighting up with excitement at touchdowns, the game will be blacked out for live broadcast by order of the intercollegiate authorities.

The Canadian part of the tour will be confined to the Ottawa area, where the Queen will open Parliament on October 14.

The ceremony in the colorful, Gothic Senate chamber will be televised and broadcast internationally. The Queen will drive to and from Parliament in the famous Australian-made coach, which has served in the ceremonial ride for 50 years.

During the four days in Canada the Queen also will address the nation by radio, lay a wreath at the National War Memorial, attend church, go for a scenic drive and dine with the Governor-General, Mr. Vincent Massey, and the Prime Minister, Mr. John Diefenbaker.

After a short visit to Virginia (story and color pictures, pages 8 and 9) the next stop is Washington on October 17, where everyone from the President, Mr. Eisen-

hower, down will welcome the visitors at National Airport.

In the itinerary arranged for Washington and New York, Australia will take the spotlight on Sunday, October 20, when the Senior Commonwealth Ambassador, Sir Percy Spender, and Lady Spender will entertain the Queen and Prince Philip at dinner.

The Embassy dinner service, carrying the Australian coat of arms, will be used, together with the Ambassador's own silver.

The accent will be on informality, with the dinner scheduled as a sort of family gathering of the Queen's envoys in Washington.

From all appearances Americans are set to give the

ON October 12 a 15-minute peal of bells and chimes from all the churches in Ottawa will announce the arrival of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip on a 10-day visit to Canada and the United States.

The Royal couple visited the two countries in 1951, the Queen as Princess Elizabeth. In New York, Robert Feldman reports the welcome awaiting the visitors from the people they charmed on their earlier tour. In London, Anne Matheson details the preparations being made to ensure the success of the tour.

Queen and Prince Philip a warm and typically informal reception.

It would be a mistake, however, for the Queen to force the informality. The more pageantry and ceremony that can be woven into her public appearances the better will be the TV audience ratings.

... They'll see a radiant, glittering, and regal figure

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● The many television appearances the Queen will make in Canada and the United States have influenced the wardrobe she has selected.

HER clothes will be spectacular and beautiful, and on formal occasions will be set off with the £1,000,000 worth of jewellery to be packed for the tour.

The jewellery includes a brooch containing the third and fourth portions of the Cullinan diamond—the largest stone ever mined—which the

Queen usually wears only at diplomatic receptions.

Already millions of Americans are making up parties for what they are calling "The Royal Teleshows," and are learning the pieces of the Queen's jewellery.

One American told me: "We get a kick out of identifying an item of that hardware."

To design a dress for the Queen's first personal TV ap-

pearance Royal couturier Norman Hartnell has been studying TV necklines for months.

His completed gown shows off the Queen's jewellery, her long neck, and the beautiful ear-rings she will be wearing.

The glittering white satin gown the Queen has chosen to wear for the opening of the Canadian Parliament has the deepest décolletage she has ever worn. This is to display the long drop pendant in the emerald and diamond necklace she will team with the Vladimir tiara, which is as large as a toque and has entwined ovals of diamonds with either 15 large drop emeralds or pearls clipped in each oval.

Once the neckline was approved by the Queen and Prince Philip, a sign, "Beaders wanted," went up outside Hartnell's.

Busy fingers have been working ever since on this dress, which the Queen's vendeuse told me is "the most beautiful since the Coronation gown."

Never were new fashions more suitable for the Queen. The slim, short skirts with jumper-tops and three-quarter fur-trimmed coats and the off-the-face hats might have been designed for her.

The Queen is having one after another of the fur-trimmed ensembles. She has decided on the new short length, but only to the top of her calves.

"The Queen can wear tight skirts," said her vendeuse.

The Queen's skirts, however, are straight with a difference. They will have concealed pleats to enable her to enter and leave a car easily.

Although the tour will last only ten days (with a promise of a return visit to Canada to open the St. Lawrence Seaway), the Queen's luggage is something of which even the Americans are critical.

Something like 230 pieces has been mentioned, based on the number the Queen took to Canada as Princess Elizabeth. But she will be changing not less than four times each day, and for every occasion she has two dresses. Each day dress has two hats, and every evening dress has its own jewellery, shoes, accessories.

TV training

Meantime, the Queen herself has been busy preparing for what will be one of the biggest events in her life.

A woman who has trained famous actresses and B.B.C. radio and television personalities for TV appearances told me: "The Queen has gone to infinite trouble to prepare herself. She regards herself as a career woman. That is the greatest help in training her."

The Queen will take her full entourage, including Mistress of the Robes, lady-in-waiting, secretary, assistant private secretary, and equeury.

She also will have her maid, Miss "Bobo" MacDonald, an assistant dresser, a sewing woman, and probably a beauty expert to advise on television make-up. But the most important is "Bobo," on whom the Queen depends so much on strenuous tours.

● Overleaf: In the "Deep South."



BALLROOM of the British Embassy in Washington, where the Queen and Prince Philip will entertain at a dinner in honor of the President, Mr. Eisenhower, on October 19.



THE QUEEN, then Princess Elizabeth, with former President Mr. Harry Truman, who welcomed her on her arrival in Washington in 1951.

Now at last! Hair-care worry
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Cyclax
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and new
SHAMPOO



Twin Action! Hair Beautifier
and hair-set spray in one!

Cyclax
HAIR MIST
lanolised hair set

- ★ NON-STICKY . . . DRIES INSTANTLY
- ★ LEAVES HAIR SOFT . . . YET FIRMLY IN PLACE
- ★ ACTUALLY HELPS TO BEAUTY-TREAT YOUR HAIR



Here is a completely new, double duty formula that actually beauty-treats your hair while holding it softly, beautifully in place. Just a touch of the button and new Cyclax "Hair Mist" sets waves deeper—produces longer lasting pin curls—keeps your hair the way you want it—always! Its special lanolised Conditioner ensures new life, new shine, keeps hair naturally soft, . . . 19/6.

one lather
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- ★ GLORIFIES ALL HAIR REGARDLESS OF COLOUR
- ★ LEAVES HAIR SOFT, SHIMMERING . . . EASIER TO MANAGE THAN EVER BEFORE
- ★ ENCHANTINGLY PERFUMED WITH GAY CHIFFON

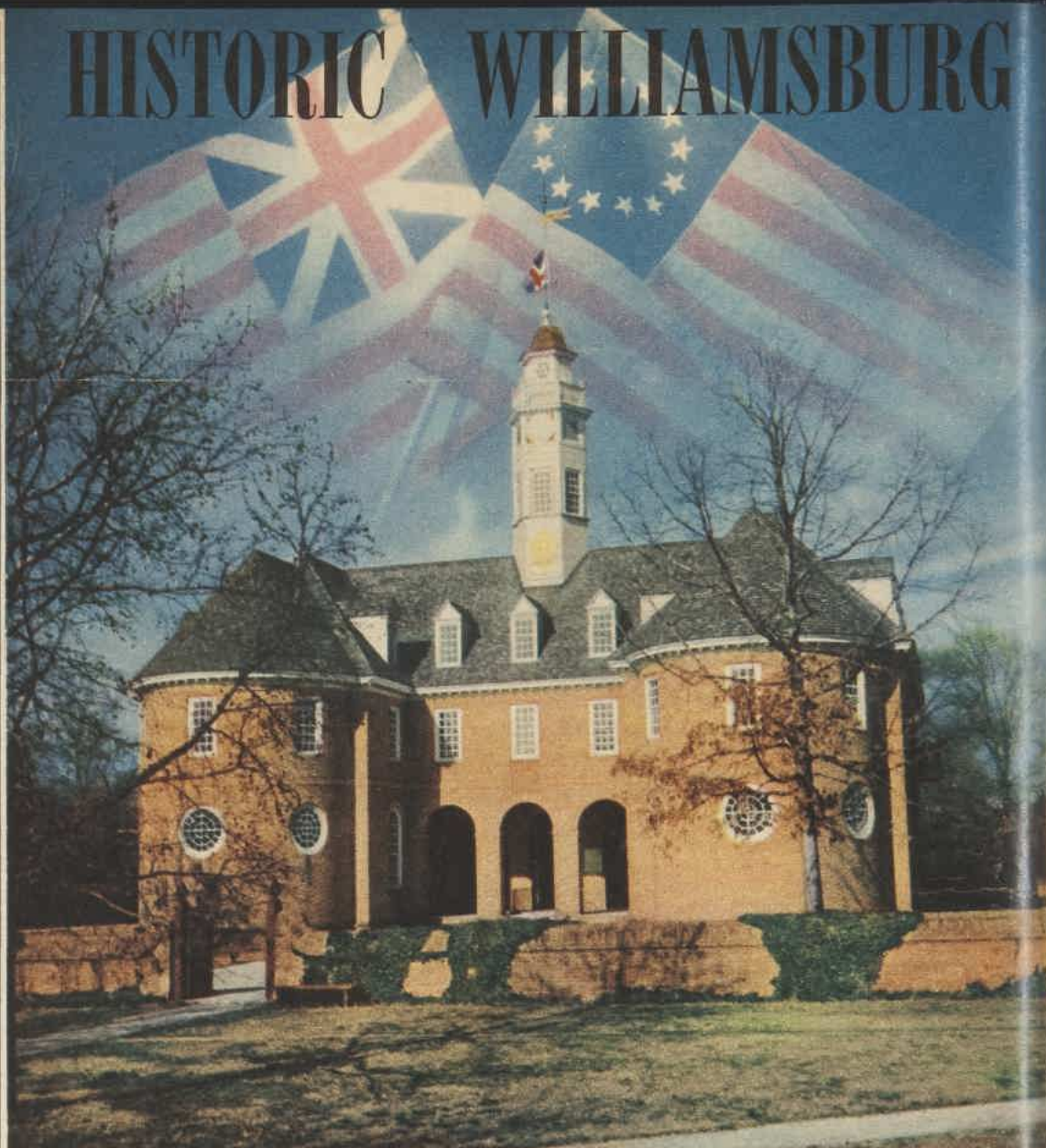
New Cyclax Shampoo works wonders! Just one gentle, foamy lather perfectly cleans your hair—leaves it softly shimmering. Its gentle one-lather action guards against over-washing, its special formulation leaves hair completely manageable the moment it's dry, subtly fragrant with romantic "Gay Chiffon". 6 generous Shampoos in every bottle, 7/3



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HISTORIC WILLIAMSBURG



CAPITOL BUILDING at Williamsburg, Virginia, which has been reconstructed to its 18th century appearance. In the picture are the "Great Union" flag of two centuries ago, and the first "Stars and Stripes." The latter flag has the stripes of the original 13 States of the Union, and a circle of 13 stars. America's first representative legislative assembly met in the Capitol.

Royal call at birthplace of the American nation

● When the Queen flies from Canada to the United States next month the aircraft will land in an area often called "the first of America" because so much American history was made there.



IN this area is one of the world's most unusual museums, and the Queen's first engagement will be a visit to it.

Named the Colonial National Historical Park, it is a complete town—Williamsburg—which has been restored with care and scholarship to its appearance of 200 years ago.

Ten miles away, but still in the park, is Jamestown, site of the first permanent English settlement in America.

And the announcement of the Queen's visit awakened a fierce rivalry between the two historic towns.

Her Majesty will have only a Wednesday afternoon and evening to tour the two places, which are teeming with plaques to be laid, wreaths to

be placed, and reconstructed stocks and gaols to be admired.

Jamestown, which is celebrating the 350th anniversary of its founding, got in first with its bid, so the Queen will spend most of daylight Wednesday there.

Williamsburg, however, will have the honor of putting up the Royal visitors for the night at the famous inn, where an entire wing—comprising 40 rooms and suites and a large drawing-room looking out on the golf course—has been reserved for the Royal party.

Since 1927 nearly 300 colonial buildings have been repaired or reconstructed in Williamsburg with 100,000,000 dollars of Rockefeller money.

The buildings range from

the Governor's Palace, now furnished as it was 200 years ago, to churches, shops, inns, and houses.

At the time of the revolution Williamsburg had been the centre of the Virginia colony's political and social life for nearly a century. It was also the centre of rebellion against British rule.

In its Capitol building the young lawyer Patrick Henry made his famous speech against the Stamp Act.

"Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell, and George III . . ." Here cries of "treason" interrupted him, but he continued ". . . may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

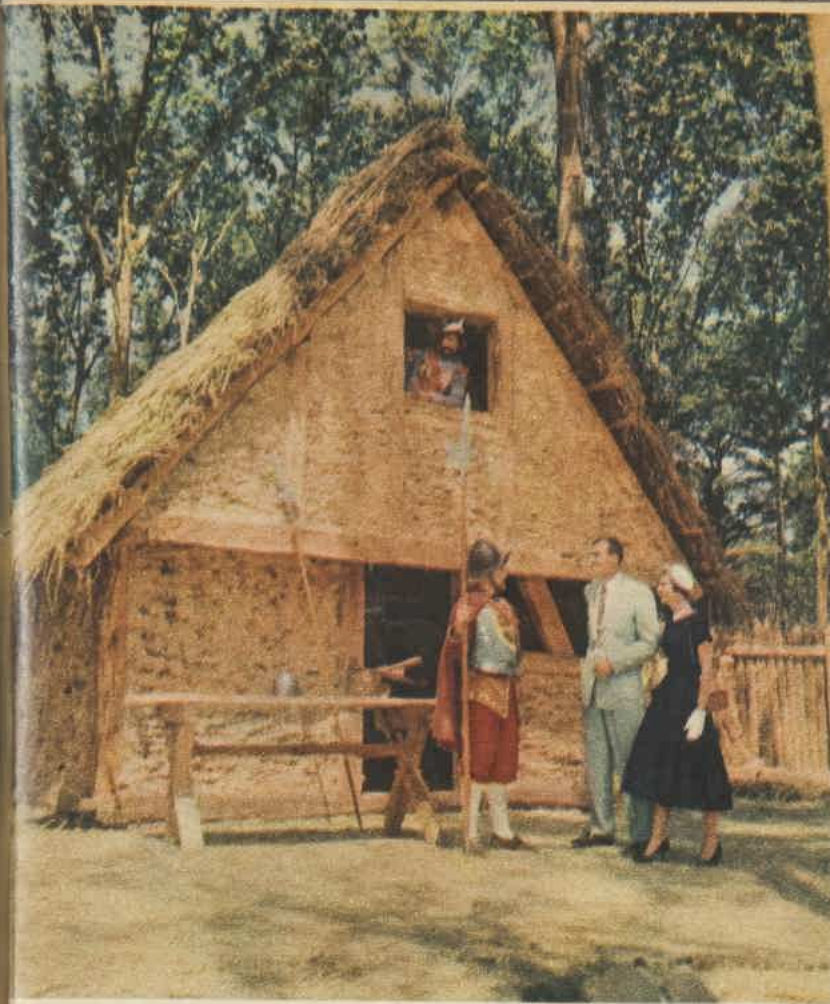
The first call for final separation from Britain was issued from the Capitol.

THE QUEEN, who during her Williamsburg visit will see a drama showing the colonists' early struggles.

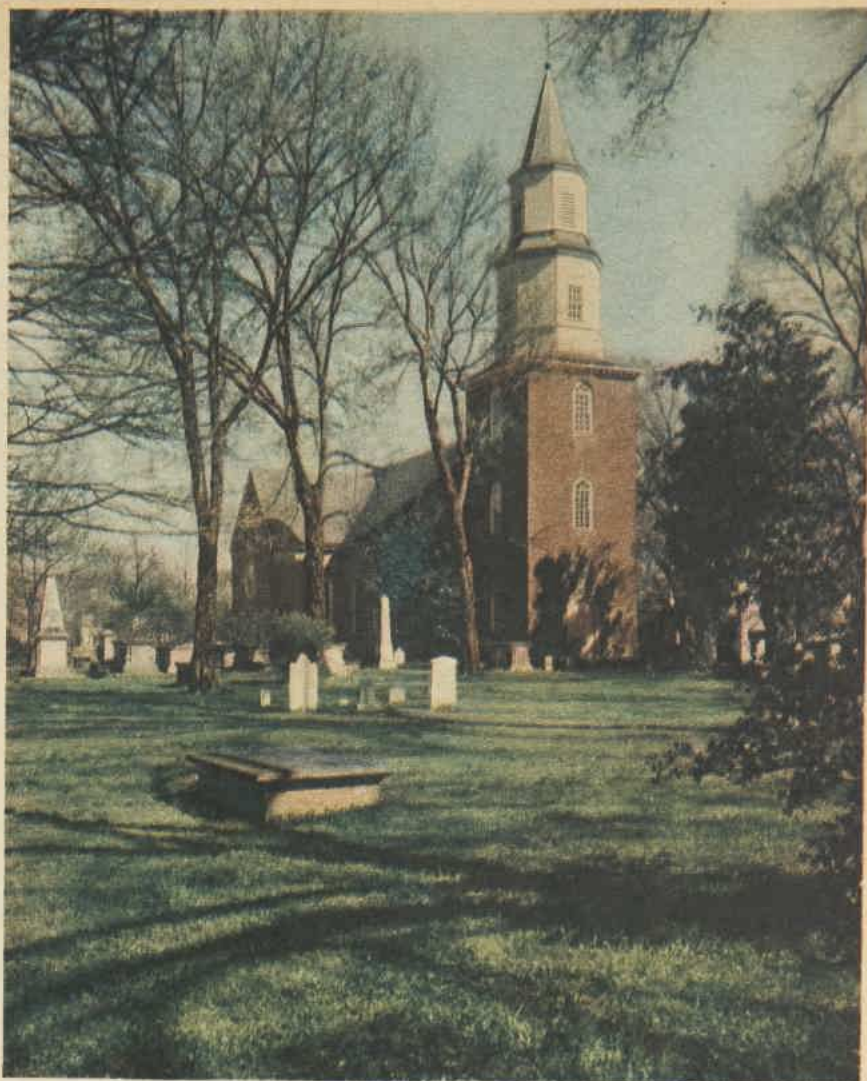
The Queen, with her deep sense of history, cannot fail to recall these things as she sees Williamsburg's streets and houses as they were in the time of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and other famous men of American history.

She is the first reigning British monarch to visit Williamsburg.

Perhaps she, too, will win the hearts of the Americans who will crowd Williamsburg to see her by declining the Governor's pew in Bruton Parish Church to take the seat once occupied by George Washington—as the Queen Mother did on her visit three years ago.



GUARDSMEN AND VISITORS at reconstructed James Fort of 1607. It is part of the exhibition at Jamestown, Virginia—the site of the first permanent English settlement in America. The Queen will make an afternoon visit to the famous town.



BRUTON PARISH CHURCH in Williamsburg looks today as it did when the movement for independence was started in the township in 1776. Virginia's liberty bell, which rang out news of the Declaration of Independence, still sounds from its high tower.



GOVERNOR'S PALACE, considered one of the handsomest estates in colonial America, was the residence of the King's representative to the Virginia colony. It is surrounded by ten acres of gardens, and contains many priceless antiques.



TOURISTS AND SOLDIERY watch as glass is blown and shaped at Jamestown in the massive replica of the Glasshouse of 1608, America's first industry. It is one of many old crafts still carried on in Williamsburg and Jamestown, which people travel far to see.

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Joint Pains when all other
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Countless thousands whose
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rheumatism have reported
wonderful recovery after
taking the world-famous
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DeWitt's Pills are the one
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DeWitt's Pills act directly on
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normal, healthy action—and
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this within 24 hours of taking
the first dose. Get DeWitt's
Pills from your chemist or
storekeeper today.

"Nothing better"
says C.L., Geelong, Vic.

"For years I suffered with
terrible scalding pains in
my kidneys and bladder and
nothing gave me relief. I
was given a sample bottle
of your Kidney and Bladder
Pills and after taking a few
doses I got great relief. I
continued with them until
I was better. I know of
nothing better and I strong-
ly advise all sufferers to
give them a trial."

The original of this
letter can be seen at
our Melbourne office.

Save 3/- on the economy size—100 pills . . . 8/-

Regular size—40 pills . . . 5/-



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For Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago
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TELEVISION PARADE

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

● Women who think television is a fascinating but many-eviled thing, which eats time and leaves a wake of dirty dishes and undone housework, can relax. It has been proved in England that TV is one of the best labor-saving devices they could own.

SO claims survey-quoting Mr. R. S. Marker, who recently arrived from England as Australasian television and radio manager of a giant TV-set producer.

"These surveys show that women get through their chores faster to have more time to watch programmes, and better, because several sessions are devoted to explaining methods of speeding up and improving housework," said Mr. Marker, formerly of New Zealand, who has been in England for three years.

"And TV is entirely responsible for the long overdue improvement in English cooking," he added with a rueful smile. "While Lancashire hot-pot is still being ladled out in industrial towns, thousands of housewives have developed an interest in turning their cooking into a tasty adventure."

"With pots and pans geared for action, they watch every TV cookery session, and it's all brought about a food renaissance."

To Australian TV Mr. Marker presented orchids, followed by a small bundle of hatchets.

"For one year's work, it's an amazing success. The picture quality is tops, and the programmes good for this stage. But, oh, that production and that make-up!" he said, throwing up his hands.

"Why, in Melbourne recently I saw a good fashion parade ruined because the lovely models were filmed at such a bad angle their legs looked like pigs' trotters."

"Not nearly enough attention is paid to make-up, and what is badly needed is a good training course in walking on TV. In another fashion parade the models clip-clopped along so quickly that the exaggerated TV picture made them look like slapstick comedienettes of

the silent movies." He added that I.T.V., Britain's commercial channel, was making great strides in wresting viewers from the B.B.C.

To the great delight of viewers, I.T.V. lumps five or six commercials together between shows instead of at tense moments in the middle. Local channels please copy.

I DIDN'T think I'd see the day when I wouldn't envy a gal the mink in her wardrobe, but Annie Oakley (Channel 9, TGN, Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.) has made me think again.

After all, where in Sydney would it be high fashion to wear a mink-covered holster to a party?

It's mighty different, of course, in the Wild West, where pistol-packing Annie, played by Gail Davis, reigns supreme with a 10,495 dollar (approx. £A4725) workday wardrobe.

The wardrobe includes a plain mink and a mink and gold kid holster, each valued at nearly £40, nine £100 arena fringe-trimmed outfits, twelve £90 TV outfits, about £200 worth of rifles and pistols, and 90 rhinestone-studded hair ribbons, valued at £60, to tie her pigtailed.

When Gail Davis signed on with Gene Autry four years ago she didn't realise she was walking into such an expensive wardrobe, four-fifths of which she had to finance.

Little wonder her favorite Gail Davis outfit is blue jeans and a shirt costing less than 30/- each.

ALL channels are busily negotiating for more top-line series from overseas. The shows they're bidding for are still on the hush-hush list, but they promise viewers some absorbing entertainment.

Meanwhile, several re-runs are on the screen, so don't be surprised if you're seeing old, familiar episodes of such shows as "My Hero" (Chan-

nel 2, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.), "Jungle Jim" (Channel 9, Fridays, 7.30 p.m.), and "Adventures of Sir Lancelot" (Channel 7, Mondays, 7 p.m.).

For the few weeks they're being repeated, the channels are banking on the fact that either you've loved the shows so much you'll welcome the opportunity to take a second look or that you'll take the chance to see other programmes in the same time-slot.

But they're not really worried, because in January, when most of these series were getting underway, there were only 3556 sets licensed in N.S.W. and an estimated viewing audience of 14,300.

"It would be foolhardy to toss away these wonderful telefilms when so few people have seen them," a spokesman for one channel told me. "Now there are 45,334 licences and about 181,336 viewers."

"Whatever you think of the repeats, we feel it would be worse to deprive the vast brigade of new viewers of the pleasure of seeing these shows."

IF only it were possible to mass-produce "Superman" (Channel 7, ATN, Tuesdays, 7 p.m.) there wouldn't be any worries about nuclear war.

In last week's episode he saved several lives and buildings by swallowing two test-tubes of atom high explosives seconds before doom-time. And talk of cast-iron stomachs. S.M.'s only reaction was a brief souring of expression, as though he's taken a bite of the kind of apple-pie mothers-in-law make.

THE praise has been rolling in thick and fast for Channel 2, ABN's locally produced plays, and the channel isn't resting on its laurels.

An ambitious collection of plays is listed for telefilming, and in Melbourne at present William Sterling is casting and producing the dramatic "Sound



BUSINESSLIKE Annie Oakley (Channel 9, TGN Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.) is played by Gail Davis in a £4725 workday wardrobe.

of Thunder," by Australian playwright Ian McCormick.

This 14-hour drama of life in an Italian village during the American and British invasion will be seen by Melbourne viewers on October 23, and soon after in Sydney.

Along with companion productions, the play shows Australia can confound the critics and produce the goods.

NO names. No pack drill. And definitely no channel number.

Before a recent live studio telecast the applause urged asked the audience to cheer, clap, and "belly laugh," however little they might be amused, so that home viewers would be "fooled into believing it's a much better show than it actually is."

Said he gaily: "I tell you, it works wonders. We've been getting by this way for months."

Well, pardon me for viewing, but just who's fooling who?

An end to "The Scapegoat"

● Winner of the £20 prize in our contest for an alternative ending to "The Scapegoat," by Daphne du Maurier, which we recently published as a serial, is S. Cohen, 10 Birdwood Ave., Como, W.A.

AFTER reading hundreds of entries, our fiction department decided that Daphne du Maurier ended the story in the only way possible.

Many competitors expressed the same idea and proceeded merely to outline the characters of various persons without making any change in the pattern of their behaviour.

A big proportion of entrants wrote happy endings which disposed of the Comte Jean de Gue by murder, accident, or illness. Such endings imposed on The Scape-

goat the condonation of crime and a lifetime of deceit. This seemed to us to be entirely out of character.

The final choice of the judges was an entry that kept the family in character without giving the positive reaction of any member of it.

Here is the winning ending, taken from the point where the family is at the luncheon table on the day Jean de Gue telephones The Scapegoat:

"WHEN Marie-Noel asked The Scapegoat what he intended to do next, he had the opening he needed.

"He told the family he had one more important task to do.

"He then asked Paul to take the Comtesse, Blanche, and Renee to the Master's House at 6.30 that evening to the room adjoining the office, where they were to wait, without making a sound, until 7 p.m.

"His serious demeanor stopped them from asking questions.

"John approached the office as already described, leaving the office door ajar.

"The interview transpired as already described.

"When de Gue suggested they might, at some future date, play a similar deception on the family, John said there would be no need for that, at the same time opening the office door and disclosing the family, to Jean's great discomfort.

"John then suggested to them that having already proved that day their ability to tackle their own problems they might see that in future Jean is not permitted to play skittles with their lives.

"With these words John turned to de Gue, and, with a gesture implying 'take it from here,' disappeared through the window to farewell Belle and set out on the road to Bellemé and Mortagne."



For attending a fete or out on a date

My fair lady dresses in Nylon

Flower-fresh and softly feminine by day . . . bewitchingly elegant by night . . . two moods of fashion in one wonderfully versatile fabric . . . Nylon. Into the most exciting Spring for years Nylon chiffon makes a gracious entrance. Fragile in appearance only . . . as feminine as fabric can be. You'll find Nylon chiffon is as practical as it is beautiful. Never wilts, washes like a dream, and takes little or no pressing to come up like new. Be fashion wise this Spring in . . .

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This is all you do. Simply massage your skin twice a day with the extra-mild pure lather of Palmolive—then rinse and pat dry. You'll see Palmolive bring out your beauty while it cleans your skin. Use Palmolive . . . it's so mild—so gentle . . . that's why Palmolive is by far the largest selling toilet soap in Australia.



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Stay as sweet as you are with
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"There, I took you to the pictures. What time shall I pick you up?"



"Look, Mum, I'm not holding . . ."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

ONCE upon a time the only social occasions for which reducing diets were considered a suitable topic were those attended by women only.

Now reducing is a sure-fire topic at mixed gatherings.

The other day I attended a luncheon where the men guests outnumbered women. I was seated at a table which included some acquaintances and some strangers.

Conversation was desultory till one man said: "I really shouldn't eat this bread."

From then on the chat never flagged. One executive had lost six pounds, so he said proudly, merely by asking his secretary not to give him biscuits at morning and afternoon tea.

Another had made a study of caloric values, but found them hard to remember. "How many in a glass of wine?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said smugly, picking up my wine glass. "The list I used years ago said, 'Do not drink alcohol.'"

He looked so dismayed that I relented and promised to send him a realistic chart showing the count for wine and beer.

It was a good luncheon, and since most of the diet-enthusiasts had their weight under control they were able to enjoy the meal.

On the way back to the office it occurred to me that women have a false notion of the kind of talk that goes on at smokes and stag parties. The boys probably yarn about calories.

EATING in theatres, never an attractive practice, is governed by certain conventions.

Peanuts are acceptable for vaudeville and chocolates for musical comedy. Sandwiches at five o'clock sessions must be endured.

But it is unusual to see people nibbling at symphony concerts.

A friend of mine witnessed an extraordinary incident at Sydney Town Hall last week. All through the first half of the programme a woman in the same row rustled a paper bag—snap, crackle, and pop.

When the lights went up another woman in the row behind, staring with hatred, observed that the bag-rustler was eating potato-chips. She rummaged in her handbag, leaned over, grabbed the paper bag, threw it on the floor, and jammed sixpence into the offender's hand.

"DID you ever read a great classic just for fun?" asks an advertisement in an American magazine.

The ad. continues by telling how "you and your family can get to the heart of the world's greatest books, quickly and pleasurably . . . The secret consists of brilliant book condensations . . . save you time and enable you to have fun reading the great classics."

Answering that first question: Why read the classics for fun when you can read the culture ads?

THAT drive-in bank in Dallas, Texas, which employs a blonde on roller-skates to direct customers to departments is reported to be doing extra well.

This blonde coos to a customer, "You want the safety deposit, honey? First to the left," and then whizzes off to the next car.

When the bank president says the customers like this he must mean the men.

Women are not so liable to be impressed by blondes, with or without roller-skates.

Myself, I prefer the grave dignity which still pervades Australian banks. Certainly there are numbers of women clerks, but the atmosphere has the sort of serious masculinity that makes a woman feel feminine.

Between ourselves I can add up cheque butts as well as most women and better than some men. Give me pencil and paper and don't interrupt and I can work out percentages. But if I had to discuss anything with a bank manager (I never do, because I just use a bank for paying bills) I'll bet I'd pretend to have difficulty with simple addition.

There's something solid and reliable about banks and bank managers that makes me want to act like that. And that's how I like them.

"SO," the middle-aged woman was saying in the bus, "that was another good reason for giving up cigarettes. I didn't want to break my leg."

"I beg your pardon," said her companion, who had evidently not been attending to the conversation.

"Double-decker buses," explained the first woman. "When I smoked I always had to go upstairs. If you're loaded with parcels it's tricky coming down them with the bus moving. So now I've given up smoking, and that's a danger gone."

Up and down the same old track
To the office, there and back,
Swaying to and fro in trams,
Fighting cars through traffic jams,
Every day the rush and tear,
Week in, week out, all the year.
Oozing fret at every pore,
People query, "What's it for?"

No one answers. No one knows.
So a lifetime comes and goes.
Still, it has its brighter side:
When the mind is occupied
With immediate, trivial fuss
Such as if you'll catch the bus,
There is precious little time
Left for seeking sense or rhyme.
So you're happier, that's sure,
Seldom asking, "What's it for?"

If food is worth its
salt it's worth its
SAXA



Saxa Table Salt available
in Cartons and Drums

BEAUTY in a SURGICAL STOCKING

SUPERFINE
NYLONS
being relief from
VARICOSE
VEINS
Mould the leg to
a lovelier line

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2-WAY STRETCH
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Don't let varicose veins mar leg beauty. Don't let them cause you suffering. Scholl's Superfine Surgical Nylons hide varicose veins; provide scientifically accurate support; wonderful comfort and relief . . . yet nobody knows you're wearing them. They're light, cool, feather-soft, ladder-proof. All fittings from Chemists, Surgical Suppliers, Stores, Scholl Depots.

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Enjoy personal freshness with

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CRANKY children often have
WORMS

Don't punish your children when they become cranky and irritable—they may have worms. Other symptoms are itchy nose, furred tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, bowel disorders, disturbed sleep. Destroy worms with Comstock's Worm Tablets—8/9 per bottle.

COMSTOCK'S WORM TABLETS

"It's one of my best," says Dobell

'Imagine the talk,' says Dame Mary

By RONALD McKIE

● You may or may not like Dobell's long-awaited portrait of Dame Mary Gilmore (see page 3), but it demands comment, and will get it, from all sides.

IMEDIATELY Dame Mary saw it she said, "It is a remarkable picture—a picture that will live."

"In the manner in which it is painted it is Australia's old master—the first portrait by an Australian which shows kinship with the paintings of the Middle Ages."

"This is a picture whose spirit reaches way back into the past."

"There will be much talk about this picture. I can imagine the letters to the papers!"

"I have long decided to give my portrait to the nation, but Mr. Dobell has the right to exhibit it when he wants to."

For Canberra

"It is to be shown in all the capitals, and eventually it will be hung in Canberra, where it can be seen by anyone who visits the capital."

Dobell, who, like Dame Mary, needs no introduction, says:

"It's a picture I'd be glad to own myself—and that's the test for me. I'd put it with what I regard as my best—the Strapper, the Cypriot, Scotty Allan, and Mrs. South Kensington."

The portrait is being presented at the National Art Gallery of N.S.W. on September 20.

I first saw it in the Waverley shop of art dealer Rudi Komon, a Vienna-born Czechoslovakian journalist who escaped from Prague when the Communists took over, and came to Sydney in 1950.

Rudi Komon, who acts for Bill Dobell, sat on a 16th-century Dutch peasant's chair surrounded by paintings of all sizes and vintages, while the Dame Mary portrait rested on a 17th-century carved Spanish table almost collapsing under portfolios of prints.

In this portrait of an old woman, a very old, much-loved and famous Australian, Dobell shows the indomitable strength Dame Mary has demonstrated for so many of her 92 years.

He has also infused into it what one art collector called "a curious blend of imperial arrogance."

The genesis of this portrait was two years ago, when Dame Mary celebrated her 90th birthday, and the Australasian Book Society commissioned William Dobell.

According to Dame Mary there was no time limit set for the completion of the portrait.

"Time limits are only for house painters," she says.

In September, 1955, Dobell visited Dame Mary several times at her flat at King's Cross. He talked to her, studied her as she quoted some of her poetry, and made a number of rough sketches.

Then he went back to Wangi, south of Newcastle, where he lives in an old white house on the shores of Lake Macquarie, and began to paint in his cluttered studio, reached by climbing an almost vertical stairway.

"I found her a splendid person with tremendous vitality and dignity which I wanted to get into paint," Dobell said when I visited him.

"I developed my ideas of how to convey these characteristics, from her habit of playing with the arms of her chair, and holding her chin high when she tells stories of the past."

"Most sitters try, in some way, to influence the painter—try to play up or play down certain characteristics. Perhaps they're a little apprehensive, afraid that some feature may be over-emphasised."

"Dame Mary was no exception. She wanted me to paint her with tidy hair, but I resisted that one. I saw her hair as a mass of white and decided that if I painted her as she wanted I would lose this mass-white effect."

When Dobell began to work at Wangi his sketches did not satisfy him, so he painted from memory.

This is how Dobell generally works, for he has an uncanny eye and photographic memory, and prefers never to paint direct from life.



ARTIST William Dobell. He says: "Dame Mary holds her chin high when she tells stories of the past."



DAME MARY GILMORE sees her portrait for the first time. She said the eyes so resembled her father's that for her it was "like looking back into the past."

He first painted four or five little oil sketches of Dame Mary and "worked and worked" until he had created the "person he wanted."

Then he began the first of three big portraits which he eventually discarded, because they did not satisfy him, before getting back to an original idea and starting again.

And when Bill Dobell doesn't like a painting he takes the biggest housepainter's brush he has and slashes paint—any paint—across the portrait from corner to corner.

The final portrait he worked on—the one on page 3—took a year to complete, though he was not working all the time on it.

Dignity

"I painted her," Bill Dobell says, "in my idea of an evening coat I think she wore at her 90th-birthday party. I merely used the coat as an idea."

"A neck elongates naturally if you hold your chin high, but I deliberately increased the length of Dame Mary's neck to accentuate her essential dignity."

"The black band was her own suggestion, and a good one, because it softens the line at the throat."

"I painted her hands, which are a feature of the portrait, in white, and then touched them up to make them look like gloves. That is why, if you look at them closely, you seem to look through the gloves and see the structure of the hands."

"Originally I thought of painting Dame Mary for The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, and considered changing the portrait and adding some different touches. For this portrait, which I never got around to, Dame Mary suggested she should wear scarlet gloves."

Bill Dobell said that, next to her dignity, the thing which impressed him most about Dame Mary was her amazing youthfulness.

"One day as an old friend arrived to see her, Dame Mary made signs at me over the visitor's head and said, 'You'll have to speak up, Mr. Dobell. She's getting on. She's 80, you know.'"

But the most interesting hour of all was when, at Bill Dobell's suggestion, I took Dame Mary to Rudi Komon's shop to see the portrait.

"Remarkable . . . remarkable," she kept saying as she stood close to the portrait, "and look at that modelling in the face."

Then she held her hand under the eyes and suddenly said, "Oh, my goodness, how like my father it is. The resemblance is so striking it's like looking back into the past. It must be like me because I am very like my father."

"But the painting itself is much more important than the likeness—the painter's work is always more important than the sitter."

"Yes, yes, it will live as a painting, not because it is a painting of me."

She looked around. "I'm tired. I'd like to sit down."

We settled her in a chair and held the portrait in different lights for her to study.

"That's better," she said. "Whether it's much like me or only partly like me I'm still terribly interested in it."

"Do you realise we never see ourselves, and that I'm now seeing myself as others see me for the first time in my life."

She pointed. "There's a story behind that necklace I'm wearing. It's made of mother-of-pearl beads, and my son brought it down from Queensland to give me on my 63rd birthday. When I counted the beads there were 63."

And in the taxi, heading for King's Cross, Dame Mary, in the front seat, suddenly turned, smiled, and said: "I feel that I've been through a remarkable experience."



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Won't burn or irritate eyes!

This is fun! It's the quickest, easiest way to bring hair sparkling-clean, with none of the old fuss and bother and NO "sting" in the eyes!

Leaves hair silky-soft!

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DOUBLE BENEFIT. First, Lantigen 'E' contains extracts from the pollens and dusts that help the body resist attacks of similar air-borne materials, and combat irritation. Secondly, Lantigen 'E' provides an oral vaccine which helps build up natural resistance against germs which follow allergic attack. The combined effect relieves the distressing symptoms and helps promote immunity against future attacks.

A chronic sufferer from hay fever for over five years says . . . "I tried Lantigen 'E' this year and have not had one sign of hay fever."

Lantigen 'E' is prepared by skilled bacteriologists working under medical direction. No injections. Safe for young and old. Costs only a few pence per day.

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Taken just like an ordinary medicine!

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ORAL VACCINE

FOR HAY FEVER AND ALLERGIC ASTHMA

More than 5,000,000 Bottles of Lantigen sold in over 50 Countries

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"Even an elephant's foot-print
would hardly show on my carpet!"

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*New Luxury Plain Wilton,
27-ins. wide*



Extra Twist for Extra Wear. This is a new kind of carpeting that not only looks lovely, but stays lovely-looking through the years. Why? Because Springtwist has six extra twists in every thread of its pile... extra twists that give greater strength and protection against pressure marks and constant footwear.

Pictures speak for themselves. Proof of Springtwist superiority is shown in the side-by-side drawings of both Springtwist and ordinary carpet piles. This stronger, harder-wearing pile is densely and firmly woven with a luxurious nubby texture... wears as only crush-resistant twist can wear.

No need to wait while youngsters grow up—have this lovely Springtwist carpet now! In homes with pets, elephants, toddlers and teenagers, this carpeting can take tough abuse with little trace of wear. Move your furniture about as often as you wish but Springtwist will always look its best with practically no pressure marks.

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(Price variation in Queensland)

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Available in ten distinctive shades:

TURQUOISE	ROYAL BLUE
MUSHROOM	CHARCOAL
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JUNGLE GREEN	CHERRY
GOLD	APPLE GREEN



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YACHTING ENTHUSIASTS at the opening day of the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli, were (from left) Bryan Buckingham, Gay Dyson, Judy Hilder, and David Reid, who are all members of the new Green 12 Harbor Sailing Club.



GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER ENGAGED. Judith Woodward, only daughter of the Governor, Lieutenant-General E. W. Woodward, and Mrs. Woodward, who has announced her engagement to Miles Little. Miles is the only son of Dr. Norman Little, of Point Piper, and of Mrs. H. F. Pennefather, of Darling Point.



AIR FORCE BALL. Mrs. W. H. Harrington curtsying to the Governor, Lieutenant-General E. W. Woodward, when he and Mrs. Woodward arrived at the Trocadero for the Air Force Association Ball. Looking on are Mrs. A. L. Walters and Rear-Admiral Harrington.



AT SYDNEY HOSPITAL BALL. Dr. and Mrs. Jim Lance were among the dancers at the Pickwick Club when the Old Sydney Hospitalers held their Refresher Week Ball. Mrs. Lance's bouffant gown was of apricot tulle.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THE gardens around her home, "Euralie," near Yass, will provide a lovely setting for the reception after Cynthia Collins' wedding to Laurence Limon, of Bookham, on October 7.

There will be a marquee decorated with garlands of blossom in case of bad weather. Many Sydney folk will be among the guests who will drive out to "Euralie" after the wedding in St. Augustine's Church, Yass. Cynthia is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Collins and Laurence is the elder son of Mrs. Limon, of Narooma, and the late Mr. Joseph Limon.

ARRIVALS in Orcaades from London were Walter Johnson and his pretty English bride, the former Susan Eaton, who were married in England last month. After a few crowded days in Sydney, they set off for Cummoock, where Susan saw her new home, "Brigalow," for the first time. Walter's parents, the C. P. Johnsons, of Edgecliff, who travelled to England for the wedding, will arrive home soon. Mrs. Johnson by air at the end of the month and Mr. Johnson later by ship.

NEWLYWEDS . . . Gwen Turner and John McNeill Simpson, who are honeymooning at Surfers' Paradise after their wedding in Hay. Leone and Graham Ipkendanz and Margaret and Tony Buckingham were among the host of Sydney relatives and friends at the wedding . . . also enjoying the Queensland sunshine are Dr. and Mrs. John McDonald, who were married at St. Mary's Cathedral. The

bride was Margaret Burns, the elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Frank Burns, of Crookwell . . . Neil and Elaine Lander, who will live at Leeton after their honeymoon "up north." Elaine is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Modistach, of Leeton and Mount Gambier, S.A., and Neil is the twin son of the C.W.A. State president, Mrs. John Lander, of "Boondilla," Darlington Point, and the late Mr. Lander . . . Elaine and Richard Tisher, who were married at St. Augustine's, Inverell, will live in Armidale, where Richard is a lecturer at the University . . . Elaine is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Delbridge, of Inverell.

A DATE for your diary . . . Monday, September 23, when Mrs. A. L. McCauley and her committee will present "Melody of Spring," a fashion parade to aid the Matthew Talbot Hostel . . . the place, Hotel Hampton Court, King's Cross.



QUARTET OF GUESTS at the cocktail party which naval medical and dental officers gave at H.M.A.S. Penguin were (from left) Patricia Harvey-Sutton, Mrs. Keith Daymond, Dr. Daymond, and Rear-Admiral D. H. Harries.



PRODUCER William Orr with pretty programme-sellers Prue Pratten (left) and Virginia Hyne at the preview of "Cross Section," which was held at the Phillip Street Theatre to aid the Black and White Ball Committee.



MARRIED IN LONDON. Sir Victor and Lady Tait after their wedding at the Chelsea Registry Office. Lady Tait was formerly Mrs. Nan Manning, of Sydney and Adelaide. Sir Victor and Lady Tait honeymooned on the Costa Brava.

A GREAT thrill for children's author Gladys Lister (Mrs. Jan Sopoushek) when she saw her "Little Round House" presented as a musical fantasy at the Independent Theatre. Lady Harrison's daughter, Mrs. George Coleman, wrote the music. Mrs. Sopoushek took a party of twenty children to the opening matinee, among them three of her grandchildren, Russell, Robin, and Jane Eaton.

FROM the Northern Territory comes news of the engagement of Moree lass Dorothy Woods and Rob Sampson, of Wave Hill Station, Northern Territory.

Dorothy is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Woods, of "Tackinbri," Moree, and Rob is the younger son of Mrs. A. C. Peet, of Balgowlah, and the late Mr. R. S. Sampson.

Anna

PETER MITCHELL WILL QUEST

● Young Australians who wish to benefit this year from the will of the late Peter Mitchell have only until November 30 in which to stake their claim. There are prizes for 15 unmarried women under the age of 30, and for 10 youths under 21.

THE prizes for women are:

1st prize, £498/16/9.
2nd prize, £249/8/4.
3rd prize, £124/14/2, and 12 prizes of £62/7/1 each.
The prizes for youths are:
1st prize, £304/11/-.
2nd prize, £101/10/-, and eight prizes of £50/15/2 each.

This is the fourth successive year in which The Australian Women's Weekly has conducted competitions to find the young Australians who will benefit from what is regarded as one of the strangest wills in Australian history.

The late Peter Mitchell, a grazier of Bringenbrong, near Albury, N.S.W., died in 1921 leaving a fortune of more than £215,000.

His will directed that after the death of his widow—a life tenant in the trust who died in 1954—the net income from his estate should be awarded, through a number of periodical competitions, as prizes to 15 unmarried women under the age of 30, 10 youths under 21, and to soldiers, sailors, and police.

The Australian Women's Weekly was appointed by the trustees of the Peter Mitchell Estate to conduct on their behalf the quest for the women and youths to benefit from the will.

The trustees are Miss Jocelyn Henderson, of Robertson, N.S.W., Brigadier Raymond Walter Tovell, chartered accountant, of Melbourne, and

the Union Trustee Company of Australia, Ltd. A former trustee, Mr. Walter George Henderson, died recently.

The high standard set by candidates selected as finalists in the past three years has deeply impressed the trustees and judges.

Coming from all Australian States, the finalists also have enjoyed their stay in Sydney, where the final examinations have been held.

Requirements

From the number of inquiries already received about the 1957 competitions, we feel sure that again this year we will be able to find 15 young Australian women and 10 youths who will meet all the requirements laid down by the late Peter Mitchell.

Women competitors must

be unmarried and under the age of 30. Youths must be under the age of 21. Other conditions of the will as they apply to women and youths are roughly the same.

They must be British subjects and bona-fide residents of the Commonwealth of Australia, of a white race, and not the offspring of first cousins.

They must have good physical health, be able to swim, and ride a horse "reasonably well," and have a knowledge of the geography, climates, and primary products of Australia.

They must know also something about the history of the British Empire.

A knowledge of elementary anatomy and physiology and the main functions of the human body and of first-aid is required.

The main test that women candidates must pass is:

"Practical and theoretic knowledge of the nursing in sickness and health, handling, management, training, care, and rearing to perfect health and strength of babies and young children."

They will also be judged on the soundness of their "knowledge of practical housekeeping and domestic economy, and the necessity for clean and sanitary surroundings and conditions."

An extra requirement for male candidates is that they must be able to shoot "reasonably well." They must also have "honorably fulfilled all military obligations imposed upon them by the laws of the Commonwealth of Australia."

Male applicants will be tested also on their knowledge of the British Constitution and on the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia and of their own State.

In addition, both male and female applicants must have a "knowledge and understanding" of the Protestant Bible and the books listed in the Third Schedule of the will, a copy of which applicants will receive with application forms.

Anyone who thinks he or she is eligible will have no difficulty in entering the quest. Simply write to us for an application form and an examination paper.

To obtain these, fill in the form published on this page and return it to us. The completed application and the an-

swers to the examination questions must be returned to the box number given not later than November 30, 1957.

The trustees have set 50 per cent. in this written examination as a minimum standard for eligibility of candidates for further consideration.

From the results we will choose a number of candidates in each State to come to their capital cities for interviews and further examinations by committees of experts.

All travel and hotel expenses will be paid by The Australian Women's Weekly.

BOOK NEWS

By HELEN FRIZELL

● After his witty "Teahouse of the August Moon," Vern Sneider's collection of short stories, "A Long Way from Home," tastes like a tepid, second cup.

TALES have Eastern settings, and characters are put through their paces in Formosa, Japan, and Korea. Despite Sneider's sympathy with war-ravaged Koreans, the stories grind along to a slick, magazine formula.

Best of the lot is "Daughter of the Regiment," describing problems of an American army officer and his wife who adopt a Japanese child.

● Published by Heinemann.

● Concentrating on atmosphere and character rather than plot, Monica Stirling's volume of short stories—"Journeys we shall never make"—provides quality writing.

DEALING with the universal problems of love, or the lack of it, she writes of the Sicilian girl whose fiance must leave home to earn money, and of three sisters affected by the German invasion.

There's nice wit, too, in "The Old Turtle," which has a theatrical setting. Off-beat reading, but recommended.

● Published by Gollancz.

FILL IN THIS FORM

● When you have filled in this form, return it, with a self-addressed foolscap envelope bearing 4d. stamp, to:
"PETER MITCHELL QUEST,"
BOX 7052, G.P.O., SYDNEY

Please send me the papers necessary to make application to benefit from the Peter Mitchell Trust. I enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

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HALO GLORIFIES YOUR HAIR — NATURALLY

These are Australian:

Springtime in the bush

● These are some of the flowers you may see on walks through the bush at this time of the year in the eastern States of Australia.

See page 26 for "The Living Bush" order coupon



WONGA WONGA VINE (*Pandorea pandorana*), a familiar bush climber of eastern Australia. Its botanical name was formerly *Tecoma australis*, and it is listed under that name in most popular books on wildflowers. It belongs to same family as the *Tecomas*.



ABOVE: *Pomaderris multiflora*, common shrub of the N.S.W. coast and tablelands and Victoria.

LEFT: *Epacris impressa*, one of the many heaths, is seen from New South Wales to Tasmania and S.A.



RED SPIDER FLOWER (*Grevillea punicia*), common on coastal sandstone ridges of N.S.W., is one of more than 200 species of *Grevillea* in Australia.



PINK WAX FLOWER (*Eriostemon lanceolatus*), one of the prettiest of the spring wildflowers, grows in sandy coastal areas and on highlands of the eastern States from Queensland to Victoria.

Now! In one swift beauty step

Silky waves that last from shampoo to shampoo



Rinse'n Set

Makes your hair practically curl itself

- NO DRYING ALCOHOL OR LACQUER.
- Easy, fast to use.
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- Makes hair easier to set.
- Conditions the hair.
- Gives body to the hair.
- Holds the setting from shampoo to shampoo.
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You don't have to mix with water... you don't rinse it out. Just pour a few fragrant drops on your shampooed hair direct from the bottle, immediately after the final shampoo rinse, and comb through. Or simply damp your hair slightly and apply RINSE'N SET right away. Then comb and set.

RINSE'N SET smooths out snarls and tangles so the comb runs through like a flash. And your hair seems to want to curl... it literally pushes into soft waves and rolls into pin curls with no effort.

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Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

ONE of the greatest problems for all of us is growing old happily. It's sad to hear so many people bewailing that life seems to have passed them by. I'd like to suggest a cure for this boredom and frustration that often accompany grey hair and middle-aged spread. Buy a large exercise book, a supply of very black pencils, and write down everything you can remember of your life story. Write with the gloves off, without hypocrisy, and without camouflage. When you've finished it, days, weeks, or months later, read it over carefully. There isn't anyone, I'm sure, who wouldn't be amazed at just how full life has been, how much has been experienced, and how worthwhile all the pain has been, as well as the joy. I think this would give all not-so-youngs new heart to make their latter years a time of greater usefulness and contentment.

£1/1/- to Leila Pirani, 269 Nepean Highway, Seaford, Vic.

HOW nice it would be if the fashion of men wearing buttonholes were revived. Recently, when travelling by train, I noticed a middle-aged man with an apricot-colored rosebud in his lapel. He was the most refreshing sight in the crowded carriage, and that included many smartly dressed women, too. I had always considered buttonholes were old-fashioned, but now I think they're just the thing for 1957. What do other women think? Unfortunately, I know my husband's views on the subject.

10/6 to Mrs. P. Rapson, 147 Ashley St., Chatswood, N.S.W.

RECENTLY I visited our district hospital and was astounded to find so many children there to see the doctor without their parents. Sitting beside me was a six-year-old boy who certainly looked ill. I asked him what he would do if he were ordered into hospital. "I'll go in," he said. "Mum will know that if I don't come home I'll be in hospital." This horrified me, and I suppose the other children there had similar stories to tell. I feel that any mother who is interested in her children would make a point of being with them at such a time. How can a child be expected to explain ailments properly to a doctor? It's asking far too much.

10/6 to "Disgusted" (name supplied), Kairi, via Cairns, Nth. Qld.

I WORK in a nearby rest-home and am the object of pity among my friends because of the long hours I work and the few weekends I have free. I chose the job myself, knowing these things, and the many friends I've made more than compensate for any small sacrifices. Far from being pitied, I think I'm to be envied. If other former nurses, with free time, donated just a little of it to helping staff hospitals in their districts they'd find they got much more out of life. It's an interesting and worthwhile way of using their talents and serving the community.

10/6 to "Happy Ex-Nurse" (name supplied), Moonah, Tas.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

I AM sick and tired of hearing people say that educating girls is a waste of time and money because they get married. Yet, if an educated woman keeps her career and remains single, the same people refer to her as a "frustrated old maid." Just what do they want us to do?

10/6 to Miss V. Trimble, 73 Loton Ave., Midland Junction, W.A.

Children don't change

I CAN assure Mrs. Cook (21/8/57) that the children of today are no different from those of previous generations. Despite their expensive toys, they still love simple pleasures. I can just imagine what would happen if an organ-grinder and his monkey visited our street. He'd be received with as much enthusiasm as he was in the "good old days." I'm certain that walking dolls and rich collections of toys make no difference to children's natures if they are brought up properly. My daughters each have a walking doll, but nine times out of ten you would find them in the backyard making mud-pies or dressing up. I'm proud to be a mother of some of the present generation.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Adams, 58 Ballville St., Prospect, S.A.

Family affairs

CHRISTMAS will be upon us before we know where we are, and we'll be faced once more with the problem of extra expense for the festive "goodies." I've solved this to a large degree by buying as many groceries and other food as possible at cut prices throughout the year. I put whatever money I save in a glass jar, and by the time Christmas comes I have enough for all the extras the kiddies like on the table. We all enjoy filling the jar with money, and my husband and three children tell me where they see bargains, and often bring them home after work and school. Apart from easing the strain on the family budget, this means no one is loaded with parcels at any one time. Before I started this idea I was expected to do all the shopping, and no one else cared what I paid or how everything got to the table.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Kenny, 93 Cabarita Rd., Cabarita, N.S.W.

Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

GEORGE N—, a young friend of mine, was married a few months ago. He came to me lately for advice.

"My wife doesn't like the way I do the dishes," he said. "I thought you might be able to give me a few hints."

I treated the request seriously. One of the things that can endanger a marriage is lack of harmony on the dish-washing side.

"What does she complain about?" I asked.

"Washing things in the wrong order. Not using enough soap. Often she just says: 'It's simpler to do it myself.'"

"Did you have any dish-washing experience before marriage?" I said. "I'd like you to be quite frank with me."

"Practically none," he replied. "I used to live in boarding-houses."

I thought it best to give him some simple, basic instruction, starting with table-clearing.

"Be careful to collect the sunbeams and put them away," I told him. "Those are the forks and things that haven't been used. It

A SINK FOR TWO

irritates an expert to see anyone washing sunbeams."

I asked which job he did—washing or drying.

"Both," said George.

"I advise you to stick to drying," I said. "Men have more aptitude for drying. It lends itself to high-

speed performance, which is what men aim at in doing dishes.

"Women, on the other hand, are natural washers. They feel a closer attachment to the dishes, and take more interest in getting them clean. So get your wife to wash."



I reminded him, however, that speed is not everything. I warned him against the power-drying methods of Cec McGoon, who hurls plates into the cupboard like a discus-thrower.

Though Cec records the fastest dish-washing times in our district, he does it at a heavy cost in breakages.

"Could you give me any tips on putting dishes away?" asked George.

"What counts is finesse," I told him. "Anyone can put knives and forks in the right places. To make an impression you must know where the sundries go—things like butter-

dishes, scone-cutters, gravy-boats. And don't put the jars away without their lids. By the way, do you dodge drying odd-shaped things?"

He admitted that he did.

"I thought so. Nothing annoys a woman more. Never knock off and leave strainers, egg-beaters, or cheese-graters. If you are wise you'll wipe the sink as well."

George thanked me warmly. I hope he takes some notice of what I said.

I don't want to see another marriage all washed up.

MURDER WAS HER WELCOME

Second instalment
of our mystery
serial

by MARGOT
NEVILLE



ATTRACTIVE JULIA WETHERBY arrives back in Sydney from abroad in the same plane as Englishman LINDSAY BARRETT, who confesses he loves her. She tells him firmly she has no intention of seeing him again. When she is met by her husband, EDMUND, rich businessman, she is conscious of change in him and is astonished when he says they will spend the night at a hotel and not at their own home at Darling Point. He also surprises her when he drives her later to the home of KATHERINE KELLER and husband, ALEC, who have arranged a welcome-home party for her. Edmund leaves her at the gate, saying he is too busy to come in, and Julia is to call for him at his office.

Julia is welcomed by RAYMOND, the Kellers' young, restless son, SAM and BARBARA CARROLL, her closest friend, PAMELA HARRISON, who is madly in love with TREVOR PEEL, whom Julia considers worthless. Julia goes back to the hotel and bumps into Lindsay. He drives her to the office and gives her a letter. Julia is met by a distraught OLIVE LOCKWOOD, her husband's devoted secretary. She says Edmund is ill and she is rushing out to get some brandy. When the women return they find Edmund dead. They give statements to Detective GROGAN and MANNING. Olive says she quarrelled with Edmund because she discovered he was deceiving Julia, and she had hit him with the telephone receiver. Olive is taken to gaol and Julia goes home. In the morning she notices a Persian rug has gone from her room and finds a revolver in Edmund's overcoat. NOW READ ON:

JULIA stood in amazement. Edmund with a revolver? Edmund going armed? What for? Why? Had there been some burglary scare while she was away? Had he got it to protect himself alone here in the house? How unlike him, though, how out of character! She remembered that a year or so ago a man he knew slightly had had an accident with a revolver, and Edmund had said: "Serve the fool right for keeping a thing like that in his house."

But that was a year ago. Since then there had been changes in Edmund's life. How did she know now what was like or unlike him? This other woman he had become involved with, the "someone" for whom she herself had been quietly edged out of her own house for two months—could there have been in this love affair a thread that had led into some sinister labyrinth?

Julia had never seen a revolver at close quarters before. In a gangster's hand in a film, that was her nearest ac-

quaintance with one. Standing in the hall with the thing in her hand, she was afraid of it with every ounce of feminine ignorance, this dark, blunt, vicious-looking thing.

Holding it delicately by the handle, she placed it back in the pocket and hung the coat up in the cloakroom on a far hook, reserving the subject for further consideration.

Thoughtfully she made her way to the kitchen. Mrs. Duffy's kitchen was a spick-and-span room, big, airy, that opened on to a back-lawn. On one side of the door was a herb bed, on the other a cage of canaries singing furiously in the morning sun.

Julia made tea, found some not very fresh bread and toasted herself a slice. Sitting at the kitchen table, she stared out the open door into the green and blue world, her teacup between her palms, hardly thinking, hardly feeling any more.

Mrs. Duffy's step on the gravel brought

To page 50

Julia stared aghast at Lindsay as he calmly said the words that were to prove she had misled Grogan, now listening so carefully.

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THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

This Time It's Love

An appealing romantic short story

BY EVELYN DURRANT

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

THE wind scraped its rusty bow across the coarse grass of the dunes and whipped up Sandra's fair hair into a salt-tangled mass about her face. A fine sight she would look by the time this weekend visit home was over. Still, she could ring her hairdresser when she got back to town and fix a lunchtime appointment for Monday.

She might even indulge in a manicure, too. After all, Robert had said Monday evening was to be a very special celebration.

Her legs ached from the unfamiliar low heels she was wearing, and the effort of walking along the dry, loose sand.

Leaning against the wind, she altered her course a little, heading towards a wooden bathing-butch which stood alone. Its windows were boarded over and its small verandah littered with last year's ice-cream papers. But at least it offered her somewhere sheltered in which she could sit.

She tucked her billowing skirt about her and looked out to sea. The sun was low, making the water as dazzling as molten gold. Round one side of the bay, three miles of smooth beach stretched in incredible emptiness.

Sandra sat and let peace flow over her, like scented bath-water after a tiring day.

She must bring Robert here in the summer season. Her

mother's cooking would help to fill out his thin face. It would be fun to take him on all her favorite walks and see the strained lines about his eyes smooth out in carefree movement.

Idly her glance wandered again towards the sea. How nice it was to sit here and know that nothing in the world was demanding her attention. The office seemed a million miles away, and if only she hadn't been worried about Robert everything would be perfect.

Soothed by the rhythmic swish of the waves, she closed her eyes. About twenty minutes later the scuffling of footsteps in the sand disturbed her doze. She blinked up to see a tall figure silhouetted against the crimson sky.

"Hallo, Carrots," said the man in a familiar drawl that made her sit upright and exclaim delightedly.

"Steve! I didn't know you were home." She looked surprised.

"Obviously you haven't been back long enough to hook up with the local grapevine." He slung his long, loosely knit frame down beside her. "What time did you arrive?"

"Only an hour ago. I got half a day off from work and came straight down for a long weekend." She smiled, studying his blunt, sun-tanned features. "You're looking very fit, Steve. Where was it your firm sent you this time—South Africa, perhaps?"

"South America."

"Oh, yes. I can't keep up with all your moves."

He leaned sideways and stretched out a leg to fish in his trouser pocket for cigarettes. Holding out the open silver case to her, he said, "And what about you? Everything okay?"

"Yes." She took a cigarette and waited while he pushed one between his own lips and flicked on his lighter.

"In the brief but satisfied note of that reply," he said, "I detect a volume of untold triumphs." His head bent close to hers as he cupped his hands round the flickering flame, and he blew away a strand of her hair that was tickling his nose. "How many proposals have you had since last we met?"

"Only one." She colored a little.

Steve put away his lighter and reached for her hand. He glanced at the fourth finger, then dropped the hand casually back into her lap. "Poor blighter. Why didn't he come up to scratch?" he said laughingly.

"Oh, it was Jonathan. I told you about him."

"That's right. He was just coming nicely to the boil when I started out for America. What happened?"

"I decided he was too old for me. Besides, he was rather a stick-in-the-mud, you know."

"Um, that's the trouble with these well-off types." Steve breathed out smoke and leaned back contentedly against the wall of the hut. "Still, I gather from the tell-tale brightness in your eyes that another prospect is on the horizon."

She turned away from his lazy, penetrating gaze. "Possibly," she admitted, her lips turning up tenderly at the corners as she thought longingly of Robert.

"Possibly, be blowed!" said Steve with the good-humored contempt of a very old friend. "When you come home for the weekend, old girl, it means one of two things. Either a romance has just died on you and you want to rest after the excitement, or else you feel that your temporary absence might make a certain heart grow fonder."

"Steve!" she exclaimed, outraged, but laughing. "I came home to see Mother and Dad."

His wide-eyed, bland gaze mocked her. "Only if it suits your convenience, I fancy."

"Oh, you always make me out worse than I am. If you must know, I thought this weekend would be a good one to spend at home because Robert's doing some exams."

"Robert being your latest boy-friend, I gather?"

"Why, Sandra! What's the matter?" Steve asked as he came back into the room with the pictures.



"Yes." Her voice softened. "He's a medical student."

"And your presence in town no doubt distracts him from his studies? I'm not surprised." Steve tweaked a lock of her hair. "Quite eye-catching, this new style of yours, though I used to prefer you in your plaits."

Sandra tossed back her hair and tried to smooth it. "I feel rather a mess at the moment. I washed after that filthy train journey, then didn't bother to put my make-up on again."

"Why worry? There's no one here to see you," Steve said slowly through a yawn. "It must be a relief to feel the fresh air on your face for a change. Besides, it's very good for the complexion, so I'm told."

"Yes, that's just what I thought," she admitted.

"That's right. Take some roses back to Robert. Steve stretched out his legs in their thick tweed trousers. "I know I'm always glad to get back into my old comfortable clothes again after living out of a suitcase."

"When are you off again, Steve?"

He shrugged. "As soon as the firm decides to send me. I'm having three weeks' rest at the moment—I need it."

"Are you spending it all here?" she asked idly.

"Don't know yet." He heaved himself up as she spoke. "Come on, let's walk back, shall we? It's getting quite chilly."

As they strode side by side along the edge of the dunes he resumed: "Since Dad died I haven't had quite the same feeling about this place, you know. There's really no reason why I should come back here at all. Matter of fact, I was thinking of selling the old cottage."

"Oh, Steve!" She looked at him quickly.

"Well . . ." The word was a long, slightly regretful drawl. "What's the use of being sentimental about it, Sandra? I know I lived there right from the time I was born, but it's not very cheering to come back to now, with cobwebs all over the furniture and no one but myself to talk to."

"It can't be much fun," she realised. "I suppose I am being sentimental, really. I'm so used to thinking of Smugglers' Cottage as your home. It seems awful to think of strangers in it . . . I know, you'll have to get married, Steve!"

He chuckled, hands in his pockets. "You know my views on that. I'll marry when I'm thirty. That gives me four years more to see the world."

"But supposing you fall in love before then? It's quite possible, and you won't be able to do anything about it."

Steve glanced at her, eyebrows raised. "Carrots, dear, I've fallen in and out of love with monotonous regularity from the tender age of fifteen."

"Then you must have a very fickle nature," she said in smug reproof.

He hooted derisively. "My, my, just look who's talking!"

They walked in silence for a few moments. Then Sandra said, "Look at the lights of the town coming out round the bay. Doesn't it look—small?"

"It is small," Steve sighed. "Funny how places seem to shrink every time you come back to them. Do you know, I've been to the pictures three times since I've been home. There just doesn't seem anything else to do."

"The season hasn't started yet," Sandra pointed out. "It's livelier in the summer. Still, I believe they're having a dance at the town hall tomorrow night. I saw one of the posters."

"Oh?" Steve flicked his cigarette butt to the ground and kicked sand over it. "Well, that'll make a change from last year's films. Want to come?"

She hesitated. "Well, I—"

"You might as well. After all, you won't help Robert with his exams by sitting at home and brooding. And you'd get so bored. If you come dancing, it'll make the time pass quicker. Besides, I haven't got anyone else to take."

"Since you put it so charmingly . . ." Her lips quirked at the corners. "But couldn't you have gone alone and picked up some girl there?"

"In the summer season, yes. At present, no." He halted to let her go first up the stone steps that led from the beach to the beginning of a bare tarmac road.

"Most of the local girls who go there take their own partners, and the few who don't are definitely not my type."

She turned to look down at him. "What is your type, Steve? I've often wondered."

Coming up behind her, he gave her a little push. "Nosey little thing, aren't you?"

"No, just interested. What sort of girl do you plan to marry when you're thirty, Steve?"

Their footsteps echoed along the wind-swept road between shuttered cafes and boarded ice-cream kiosks. Steve thrust out his lower lip and frowned. "She'll be old-fashioned and a nice girl," he said slowly. "Not one who knows all the answers—like you, Carrots. I want to be the first man she's ever loved, so that she'll think I'm wonderful."

"She sounds a bit dim to me," Sandra commented frankly.

His momentary thoughtfulness vanished and he chuckled. "Well, that's not such a bad thing in a girl. I bet you soften that tongue of yours when you want to make an impression on some poor victim."

In revenge, Sandra stamped lightly on his foot, then ran, laughing, up the front path of her parents' home before he could retaliate. "See you tomorrow," she called over her shoulder. "Fetch me about eight, in the local taxi, won't you?"

His only answer was a shaken fist.

Yet, surprisingly, he did call for her on Saturday evening in a car. She came out at the foot of the horn and stared in astonishment at the long, sleek blue racing model. "Steve! I was expecting one of Mr. Jenkins' old hire-service jalopies."

It was a sudden rush of unexpected tears and Sandra found it hard to explain them, even to herself.

Steve leaned over and opened the door for her. "I bought this just about six hours ago," he said complacently, "with the money I hope to get from the sale of the cottage. It'll make my leaves in England a little more congenial." He glanced at her, one eyebrow raised. "That dress looks rather special for just a local hop."

"It is," she admitted. "I brought it home to alter for Monday evening. Robert and I are going out then to celebrate the end of his exams."

"Then I am honored." Skilfully Steve slipped into gear and swung the wheel, looking over his shoulder.

"Well, I hadn't anything else at home fit to wear." She smoothed the gleaming green taffeta skirt with a gesture of satisfaction. "Do you think he'll like it?"

"How can I possibly tell?" Steve accelerated, heading towards the town. "But if my opinion's any help, I'd say you've come on quite a bit since the days of your first grown-up party frock."

"That was when I wore lipstick for the first time, and you said I looked like a circus clown," Sandra recalled.

He laughed. "You're a lot more subtle about it now. I can't even tell whether that color in your cheeks is real."

"As a matter of fact, it is," she said. "If you don't believe me, you can see for yourself."

"I will." He drew a quick finger down her cheek, peered at it, and grinned. "Genuine, by Jove! I hope Robert will appreciate the beautifying effects of sea air."

The dance was terrible. Steve said, "They'd never give the summer visitors a band like this. That pianist couldn't even hit a triangle in tune."

"I wouldn't mind that," Sandra answered, "if only it wasn't so beastly cold in here. Hold me closer, Steve. I'm shivering."

"In that case, what you need is a drink. Let's nip over the road for a quick one."

"I can't, Steve. Not here. I could in town, but local people talk so."

He sighed. "Well, there's a heater in the car. How about going for a quick drive?"

"Um! Up to Coastguards' Point, where we used to picnic!" She slipped eagerly out of his arms. "I'll get my coat."

When they arrived at the place, Steve switched off the car engine, and there was silence except for the scraping of the surf. They sat gazing at the dark infinity of the sea, broken now and then by a white breaker that shone in the moonlight.

After a few seconds Steve shifted. "Warmer now?"

"Lovely, thanks." She wriggled her shoulders luxuriously in the cosy comfort. "I feel so sleepy. Can I rest my head on your shoulder?"

"Let me get a cigarette out first."

He offered her the case, but she refused. "I don't really like smoking. I only do it occasionally in company."

"And I'm not company?"

Snuggling against his shoulder, she looked up at him through her lashes. "No, you're not company. You're just dear old Stevie. Please don't light that beastly cigarette."

"Why not?"

"Because I shall choke." Unexpectedly she tweaked the cigarette from between his lips and tossed it out of the window.

"Hey! You little—!" He grabbed her hand, but too late. Half leaning over her, their faces close, he was suddenly very still, gazing at her.

"Stevie?" she whispered, looking up at him.

"Why, you little minx!" With a brief laugh he leaned back in his seat. "You must be bored if you're trying to

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"Now, what would I be wanting with an otter?" Carbide said smoothly when Mr. Hansom questioned him.



The Otter Orphan

A short short story
by
R. H. FERRY



CARBIDE lived in a hut in the beech wood that sloped away steeply to the River Dunn. He had no other name—it may only have been a nickname, but by "Carbide" he was known to all the villagers in the Dunn Valley.

He had just come along one day out of the blue, and occupied the charcoal-burner's hut which had stood empty since the war. He was one of those strange beings—half-gipsy, half-tramp.

The keeper on the estate soon found the vagrant and took him along to the Big House. But the squire, a kindly man, was taken by Carbide's lazy eyes, his naivete and smile, and gave permission for him to stay in the hut so long as he did not get up to any poaching.

One brown autumn day Carbide was strolling along the river when he heard a child-like high-pitched whining.

In a shallow ditch draining into the river a trap had caught a baby bitch otter. The little creature crouched shivering with one pad fast in the fearsome teeth, but when it saw Carbide it looked up with appealing bright round eyes.

"Well, now," said Carbide, "it looks as if you're in a spot of bother." Carefully he put his foot on the trap, pressing the jaws open with his weight and releasing the imprisoned pad. Then catching hold of the beast by the loose skin of the neck, he held it up like a puppy. The leg was not broken, for as yet the bones were as pliable as marrow.

"There, there," said Carbide, "no one ain't a'going to hurt you." To quieten the cries that might fetch the water-bailiff, he tucked the otter inside his shirt and turned back towards his hut.

As Carbide climbed the slope through the silent beeches he was smiling. He felt the warm soft fur of the otter cub now lying silent and snug against the hair on his chest, but it was not this that made him smile.

There was a malicious pleasure in his heart at taking a rise out of the bailiff, Mr. Hansom. He hated both the keeper and the water-bailiff, for they were always spying on him. He could scarce go a hundred yards from

his hut without feeling that he was being watched.

That night as Carbide dosed down on his springy mattress or plaited withies, the little otter curled up beside him as if she had lain there "all her young days." At dawn, when Carbide woke to the chattering of the magpies, the otter still slept soundly.

When Mr. Hansom discovered that his carefully set trap had been tampered with, and saw the imprint of boots on the soft moss turf, he waylaid Carbide and questioned him closely.

"What would I be wanting with an otter?" replied Carbide, as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. There was no answering the question—he couldn't properly answer it himself.

The strange pop-eyed bundle of fur came to rely on Carbide wholly as a foster mother. He called her Sloe because her eyes shone darkly like the wild fruit he often gathered.

The otter became playful and puppy-like. To amuse himself he taught her to beg for morsels of food.

One day at the end of January Carbide returned to the hut, but the otter did not come running out to his whistle. Sloe lay shivering in her box. "She's sick," muttered Carbide, "ailing I reckon for a change of food. It's fish an otter wants to keep healthy."

At night he unrolled the long-net that he kept carefully stowed beneath his bunk. By the light of the stars he stole down to the shallows where the river tailed off below the falls. He had often watched the salmon gathering in a shoal there.

Within half an hour he was on his way home with the net in his long pocket and half a sack full of silvery fish over his shoulder.

The third time he visited the river with his net, Hansom was waiting for him. Next morning Carbide was up before the magistrate and given a day in which to find a fifteen-shilling fine. His net was confiscated and he was threatened with eviction from the hut if he were caught poaching again.

When he returned from paying the fine he was in a bad mood and resolved to get rid of the bitch otter at any price . . . the beast

that had so nearly landed him in the "cooler."

The moon was in the bright quarter, but he had to take the risk. Carrying the otter under his arm, he took her down to the Black Bottom reach of the river, and, without a word, threw her headlong into the star-studded pool—a deep and forbidding place.

All otters have to be taught to swim and Sloe sank like a stone. When she bobbed up to the surface, she plunged frantically with her forepaws and lashed out with her tail, gradually making her way to the bank. Half-drowned, she clambered up and, whining with fright, she ran towards her master.

"You must go," Carbide shouted angrily, "I ain't a'going to get into no trouble over no otter . . ."

And with that he seized the beast and threw her out into the pool again with all his strength. But this time when Sloe rose to the surface she struck out for the shelving on the far bank and, standing there like a drenched rat, she mewed pleadingly.

In the starlight Carbide could see her bewildered eyes; for a moment he hesitated, then he turned his back and ran into the wood.

Sloe found it difficult to catch small, fast-swimming fish, and driven by hunger, she turned her attention to the salmon that had already started to run up to the spawning-beds in the upper reaches.

The first salmon she killed was in the Black Bottom pool where Carbide had thrown her in. She took a dainty bite out of the fish's back,

as is the way of an otter's feeding, then she looked down at the lifeless salmon.

A fish that did not move, swim, or flick its tail only had one place in the otter's mind and memory—the box filled with bracken in the out-house that had been her early home. The ground was slippery with rain, and half-dragging, half-carrying the salmon she covered the thirty yards through the wood to the hut.

When Carbide discovered the salmon he could scarcely believe his good fortune; he knew at once by the mark on its back how it came to be there. Only slightly mutilated, it would be easy to dispose of the fish on the blackmarket at a high price.

After this, salmon began to arrive at regular intervals. With his newfound wealth Carbide bought himself a new jacket, breeches, leggings, and boots. And in the evenings he visited the local pub. He had never been "sitting so pretty," never been so prosperous—as a rule at the end of the winter he was ragged and half-starved.

Tongues in the village soon began to wag. Was there a gold mine in the beech wood? What was Carbide up to? The keeper and Hansom were worried.

Then one day the otter hounds met and afterwards Carbide found no salmon in the box in the out-house. It was his turn now to worry. Anxious for himself, he made tentative inquiries of the kennelman. He was told that there was too much water in the river, that the young hounds needed educating, and that the hunt had only killed one dog otter. Unthankful, he felt sore against the otter he had reared—by hook or by crook he must get her back.

On a Sunday evening he left the inn and strolled far along the river, keeping a sharp look-out. Just beyond the river branched, leaving a shingle island in the fork. Before Carbide reached the place he knew instinctively that otters were there.

He crouched low behind a bush and peered ahead. The bitch otter Sloe was lying on her back on the gravel-washed sand, with the slant-

ing evening sunshine flecking her with a lacy pattern of leaves. There was no mistaking the slightly misshapen pad that had been nipped in the trap. Beside her, watching intently, was a dog otter.

Carbide smiled. He had poached the otter from the water-bailiff's trap, now he would steal her from the old dog otter. He had only to whistle to rob the otter of his mate. The light began to fail. Carbide was about to call, when the wind changed and bore a trace of his scent to the two beasts rolling together in excited abandon.

Immediately the dog otter tensed, pricked his ears, then dived into the water. Sloe turned and looked up at Carbide as he called, then she ran a little way towards him, hesitated and stopped. The woodsman called again, this time impatiently, and again angrily. But Sloe did not move. Carbide raised his fingers to his mouth—a sharp whistle, he thought, would fetch her.

But at that moment there came another whistle, from the deep shadows of the far bank. In a moment Sloe turned and plunged into the water, and Carbide caught a glimpse of her as she disappeared into the shelved bank where the dog otter awaited her.

Carbide cursed, then laughed bitterly. "She didn't know me in my new clothes," he muttered. "That's what comes of being a country toff."

Sloe had recognised his voice and though his scent had been familiar to her sensitive nose, it was different now.

The smell of man only frightened her. It reminded her of a long wintry world where the dripping beech trees were bars to a cage. She had found a new and flowing world of summer where it was easy to understand the chattering language of the river. The man who had reared her spoke two languages, the river only one.

And the whistle of the dog otter, too, was different. It was sweet and low like the music of the evening wind blowing through the hollow stalks of the reeds where her mate had found her.

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SURGERY AT SEA

A complete short story . . . By JACLAND MARMUR

YOU don't see girls like that in Louie's place. Not often, anyhow. Louie's, on the San Francisco Embarcadero, is for seamen mostly, for river people, and the foreshore crowd. And there was no fog that day. Blue sunlight glittered on the wharf sheds, touching funnels and the masts of ships berthed over there across the way.

It was too early in the afternoon for Louie to be busy. He saw her right away. She came in and stopped short. Young, fine-figured woman in a tailored suit, gay feather in a small blue hat. Her blond head moved from side to side with quick and almost haughty pride.

The minute she saw the man, alone at one of Louie's white-top tables in a corner by the wall, she went striding to him and sat down.

He looked up startled, saying quickly, "I'm sorry, but this table is—" All at once he grinned. "Nancy!" he said. "It's you!" "Of course it's me. You phoned me, didn't you? Is something wrong? John, you look feverish."

"Feverish?" He grinned at her again. The grin made him look younger than he really was. His grey eyes sparkled and he touched her hand. Then suddenly he blurted, "How would you like to take a cruise to the China Coast and back?"

"It would be the most wonderful honeymoon in the world," said Nancy Clifton. "Would you like me to dream about it with you for a while? This certainly is the place for it," she smiled. "When do we sail?"

"Tonight at ten. S.S. Madonia. Pier thirty-two. Seventy passengers. Honolulu, Hongkong, Singapore, and Manila! We—"

"Wonderful, John! I'd better rush home and pack." Her voice did its best to sound gay. "The captain will marry us at sea and—"

"That's impossible, Nan. You know I can't afford a honeymoon like that." But his eyes were glowing at her, his face alight. "We can go, though. I've already—"

"Now I know you're feverish. Flu, probably. Whenever you—"

She would have said more. But Louie was at her elbow then, setting coffee in front of her in a thick white mug. It made her look up. She saw Louie's black eyes smiling down. "I figure," he said, "I figure this what you want."

"Louie," John Crandall told her, "Louie can tell what a man will drink the minute he steps inside that door. Even if he's never seen him before. He can tell whether it's a tugboat rouser, a deepwater mate, or an engineer."

"Mostly," Louie Chavez agreed, "mostly I can. Not you. You touring the waterfront? You not a seaman, I don't think."

"That's right. He's not." Nancy's blond head tipped. Her wide eyes shone with pride. "He's a doctor, Louie! Dr. John C. Crandall. You don't know how long it takes. M.D. at last! We intend to be married soon."

"Fine!" said Louie. "Fine! Then the coffee is on the house." Louie's dark eyes twinkled. "Don't look much like a doctor, though."

"I will in time." John Crandall chuckled. "Maybe I'll grow a beard."

"You gonna make the relief trip in the Madonia for old Doc Philbrick?" Louie asked.

"How the devil did you know?"

"I just make a guess."

Louie said that carelessly and went away. The girl sat motionless for a moment. She was frowning now. She didn't believe it. John Crandall, watching her, saw pain or anger touch her wide blue eyes.

"He's joking." Her voice had the husky sound of hurt. "Tell me he was joking, John."

"Listen, Nan." He leaned forward. He spoke with eagerness, words pouring from him. "My mother's people were seafaring. Way back to whale-ship days. Maybe that's why it is. I don't know. But always, always, aside from medicine, I wanted to see blue water. I want to know the people who live out there. I want to know why they do. This Dr. Philbrick came to the hospital. They sent him to me. Relief trip, Nancy. Six, maybe seven weeks. I can even wear his uniforms. They fit. I couldn't help it. I said yes."

"Well, you can change your mind!"

"I've already signed ship's articles."

"You—" She stopped short. She looked at him, her blue eyes overbright. "You didn't ask me," she said after a silence. "You just said yes. What happens to our getting married? What happens to the practice we were going to build in Sonoma County? I'm as proud of being a nurse as I am of your licence to practise. But I want to take care of kids of my own. I always knew they would be yours. Always, John! I was always sure of that. We've kept putting it off. Now you—"

"Nancy, it's not for long. I'll be a better doctor for it." He had hold of her

hand. If she didn't know now, she never would. "I want to specialise in surgery. That will be another long grind. And we're young. People ought to build fine memories while they're young. Here's our chance. Honolulu, Hongkong, Singapore, Manila!" His face was glowing again. "We can—"

"We?" Her eyes were narrow on him and her anger grew. "You will send me picture postcards, I suppose. You—"

"No, Nan. We. Both of us. The Madonia's nurse isn't making this voyage either. And you're a fully trained nurse. I told Captain Whitehead about it. He said he would sign you on. That's the only reason I signed myself."

She just sat there staring at him. Then she said very slowly, "No."

"Why, Nancy? Why? You mean you don't want to go? I always thought—"

"It isn't that. It's just the way you always—" She tossed her head. "You go tell your captain, no."

"It would just be no good without you, Nan."

"That's up to you."

They were looking at each other, remembering many things. The long, lean, gruelling years. Pre-med. Medical School, internship. And always the deep belief between them. John Crandall had peddled textbooks, been a cafeteria bus-boy, detail man for a drug firm. How else would he have paid his way?

And Nancy had always, always been there. Was she remembering, too? They used to take their





"I'll say hello to Hongkong and Singapore for you," Nancy called, trying to be gay, as John settled down in the small boat, ready to be rowed across to the tramp ship.

holiday evenings in the cheapest spaghetti bistros along North Beach. They used to play a silly game in places like that sometimes. A game isn't silly at all when you're young enough and the stars are in your eyes.

John was remembering it. When he did, the boyish grin half formed along his lips. He looked quickly towards Louie's bar. Two white-hats stood apart, bluejackets on their way to make a liberty uptown. Farther along the rail there were three other men. A slow murmur came from there. Louie would know them for a tugboat skipper, a merchant boss'n, a Mardon Line third mate.

"Make you a wager, Nan," John told the girl, and the grin began to bubble in his eyes. This was the game. He knew she'd remember it. He took his wrist-watch off, set it down between the coffee cups.

"Three minutes," he said. "Two different people will order beer. If it happens, we'll sail. Both of us. If it doesn't, you win. I won't go either. I'll see Captain Whitehead and eat my humble pie."

She remembered all right! She was doing her best not to smile. "Bet?" he insisted.

"Bet," Nancy sighed. She looked down at the watch and said, "Time. Now!"

The second-hand swept slowly round. A silent minute passed. The sweeping hand never stopped. It was close to its second circle before the boss'n rapped his glass on the bar top and Louie drew the beer. Forty-five seconds left. Nancy's eyes began to shine. John watched the fragile needle move. How could it move so fast? Twenty seconds more. Only fifteen now. Then ten. Honolulu, Hongkong, Singapore, Manila! All that deep blue water rolling. All that mystery to see while you were young. Five seconds now. John Crandall's head shot up.

"Louie!" he cried. "I'll have a beer!"

"John!" She was furious. "That was never

in the game! It isn't fair!" Then she saw his crinkled eyes were on her. In another instant he would really grin. She sighed again.

"Well," she murmured, "maybe I really wanted to go anyhow. I'll get a cab and pack. Lucy will like having the apartment to herself a while. I'll phone the registry office and take my name off the available list."

"No need for it, Nan." There it was! It broke through at last, that infectious, boyish grin. "I've taken care of that already."

What could she say to a thing like that? What do you tell a man you love when you know there is no one else? When you know there never will be. She went home and packed. And that's how John Crandall, a brand-new doctor of medicine, and a girl named Nancy Clifton sailed in the *Madonia* that night at ten.

They heard the long, deep, snoring whistle of departure. They felt the deck begin to throb underfoot as the vessel stirred to exciting life, backing slowly from her berth. The lighted dockside, the clusters of waving people blocked out from sight as the *Madonia* turned in the stream. They stood alone in the darkness of the boatdeck when the ship stood out past Mile Rock Light. She began to dip and rise in the ocean swell, and the west wind, pouring past, began its low, sad moaning in the funnel-stays.

Young Dr. Crandall's eyes were glowing. They were fastened on the darkness out there where the great gales lived, where all the deep blue water rolled. He would find out now. Here he was at last.

"If it really were a honeymoon," he heard the girl murmur at his side, "I suppose I'd be seasick as a dog." She sighed, and he put his arm around her. "I wish it were, anyhow."

"I'd give you a pill," he chuckled. "That's what the ship's doctor is for. Wait till Honolulu, Nan! We'll see the Pali together. We'll see moonlight on Waikiki."

They spoke like that. They watched in won-

der outside the bar as the pilot schooner stood down, the sea chop glittering in the searchlight's glare. The *Madonia* stopped just long enough to put her pilot over. They saw the small boat rocking far below them. Then they heard the three short whistle blasts of farewell. The pilot schooner, her boat recovered, gave answer on her horn. The voyage had really begun.

They didn't see the Pali together in Honolulu, though, or Waikiki in the moonlight. John Crandall didn't, anyhow.

When the ship tied up at Aloha Dock and the band and the hula girls were gone, Nancy went down the passageway to his office that evening, ready and lovely and dressed for shore. He wasn't there. A steward gave her a note instead.

"I'm sorry, Nan," it said. "I have a crewman with a badly lacerated hand. I suspect fractures. I must take him out to Queen's Hospital. Be back as soon as I can."

She spun away. She was angry. She wasn't on board when John Crandall came back. It was long after midnight when he saw her. At the head of the accommodation ladder the quartermaster grinned when the doctor stopped his impatient pacing.

That was she down there, all right. She looked lovely and very gay on the arm of a robust-looking man with solid grey at his temples and a quiet twinkle in his eyes. They came up the ladder together.

"Good morning, Nan," John told her frigidly. "We sail again tomorrow, you know. I hope the moonlight was bright on Waikiki."

"Oh, it was," she bubbled. "We saw the Pali, too. And we ate at Iki Soo's."

"How nice," John Crandall said, acid in his tone.

"She waited for you till nine." The grey-headed man had a deep, slow voice. He seemed to understand John Crandall's anger. "She's a

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Continuing . . . Surgery At Sea

from page 25

fine young woman, in case you don't know, but she isn't quite used to a doctor's life. She told me all about you. I'm travelling alone, so I asked her ashore. She has given me a memorable evening. I assure you—"he said, and his slow grave smile broke through—"I assure you I didn't make a single pass at her."

"That's right," said Nancy ruefully. "He didn't. He didn't even kiss me. I think he should have. Especially out at Waikiki. Just to raise my self-esteem." She chuckled in her throat. "Oh," she said, "I'm sorry, John. This is Doctor Mortimer Wolfson, one of our passengers from San Francisco."

John Crandall gulped. Wolfson was the most distinguished surgeon on the Coast. "I apologise, Doctor Wolfson," he said. Then he tried to grin. "I was present in surgery at General Hospital once when you operated. I was supposed to be assisting."

"So?" The dark eyes smiled benignly. "I'll wager you did all right. . . . Good night, doctor."

"Good night, Miss Clifton." He went away along the deck. John Crandall stared after him. Fool! Not to recognise a man like that! Then he felt Nancy slip her arm through his. He hadn't seen the Pali or Waikiki. He'd never even heard of Iki Soo's. But the world fell back in place. There would still be Hongkong, Singapore, Manila. Next day the *Madonia* sailed.

John Crandall saw Nancy often on the bridge. Doctor Wolfson was often up there, too. Captain Whitehead was his friend. He had the courtesy of the bridge. He told them once he had almost gone to sea himself, instead of to medical school. Sometimes he wished he had. His eyes had that slow, grave smile when he said it. When the unexpected happened out here, it wasn't really unexpected at all. It was simple and in the natural law. Good sailors were trained in the natural law.

John Crandall understood what he meant. He wondered vaguely how he would face the unexpected himself. And he found out in the *Madonia*. It took him by surprise.

They were on the bridge when it happened. It happened towards evening in the first mate's watch.

Mr. Paley, the mate of the watch, had glasses at his eyes. John Crandall looked at the officer perplexed. He was sure there was nothing out there.

Mr. Paley thought otherwise. "There!" he said suddenly and with confidence. "She's flying a hoist of signal

flags. What the blazes is the matter with her radio?" He turned quickly to his junior of the watch. "Call the captain, Bert. Get the signal book out here."

It was a ship, all right, aloft in the pool of her own foam. The *Madonia* overtook her rapidly. Her superstructure showed, a string of flags and pennants flying above her bridge, her rust-streaked hull plates washed by running seas. Captain Whitehead was on the bridge by now, large, grey-headed, his stern eyes frowning at the distance.

John Crandall heard Mr. Paley calling flag names. The junior officer, fingering the signal book, was saying clearly, "She wants us to heave to close aboard. She wants to speak to us, Captain."

"Both engines slow ahead," Captain Whitehead said at once. "Come right easy, quarter-master." The ships closed in. The space of water narrowed. Captain Whitehead was gauging speed and distance. "Rudder amidships!" he called out suddenly. "Steady now as she goes."

THE *Madonia* towered high above the tramp ship. Over there a sunburned man against the bridge wing rail put a speaking trumpet to his lips.

"S.S. Palawan!" his deep voice hailed. "Frisco for Manila, via Aparri! Our radio is out! Sparks needs some parts! Don't think we can get it fixed till Manila! Got a sick man here in awful pain! Have you a doctor over there?"

"Yes!" Captain Whitehead boomed through his brass-bound trumpet. "Do you wish to transfer your man?"

"It's the master, sir! He says he won't go! Will you stand by while I board you for some morphine and advice?"

"Certainly! Starboard landing, mister." He put his trumpet in the rack. "See the ladder rigged, Mr. Paley. Bring that mate up here when he boards."

Doctor Wolfson and Nancy were on the *Madonia's* bridge. They saw the boat launched over there, running down the falls to the sea. John Crandall saw it, too. Was this the unexpected? Was it simple and in the natural law?

Then the man with the sunburned face, escorted by Mr. Paley, was climbing the ladder

to the *Madonia's* bridge, his boat standing on and off far out of sight below there on the sea.

"Samuel Johnson, sir," the man was telling the captain in a deep, gruff voice. "I'm the Palawan's chief officer. The skipper is pretty sick."

"This is our doctor, Mr. Johnson," Captain Whitehead said. "Maybe Doctor Crandall can help."

"Night before last it started, sir," Johnson spoke with a quick and precise care.

"Indigestion, we thought. Then he started vomiting yesterday. He's got fever, too. I gave him quarter-grain morphine for the pain today. We're running out. Hurts in his stomach. It's hard as a rock."

Johnson didn't smile. "You think it's food poisoning, doc? I'm scared to give him physic. He's awful sick."

John Crandall frowned. He knew Nancy and Mortimer Wolfson were standing nearby.

"You can't give accurate diagnosis without examination," John Crandall heard his own voice say, and before he looked away he thought he saw a sudden twinkle in Doctor Wolfson's eyes. "I would doubt it to be indigestion, though. It might be acute appendicitis. If it is, the man wants surgery. He wants it right away. I would like him over here, but it might be dangerous to move him."

"He won't come, anyhow. Not unless you knocked him out. You can't make a master leave his ship if he don't want to. And he won't."

Young Crandall looked towards Captain Whitehead, saw the grey head nod agreement. That sailor understood. The young doctor looked back towards Mr. Johnson, quietly saying, "I better go over and see."

Then his head came up. He stared at Doctor Wolfson. He knew he had to ask. The man would say nothing unless he did. "Sounds like it might mean immediate surgery. Doctor Wolfson, would you agree?"

"Well, as far from the patient as this, I would."

"How long, Mort, would you say?" That was Captain Whitehead speaking, wondering about delay to his ship.

The surgeon gestured to him vaguely with one hand. "In a modern hospital ashore," he said, "and without any complications, I have performed an appendectomy in less than half an hour. That means nothing out here in a rolling ship, operating on an improvised cabin table. Doctor Crandall

To page 48

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just can't run! 8½-10½.

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Prices may vary slightly in some States.

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● Nice young men who wear nonsense clothes are providing a problem for two Victorian teenage girls and, if two are worried, there probably are 200 puzzled by a similar lack of male suit-sense.

A 21-YEAR-OLD who says he has bought a pink suit to wear to a dance is the first teenager's headache. She writes:

"I AM very interested in a boy aged 21. I have been out with him several times in the past month and he has asked me to a dance in late October. He also has said he would like to go steady

with me (I am 18½), but would leave me to make up my mind in my own time. He is a very nice boy, well-mannered, and very polite to me, my parents, and everyone he meets. But he dresses in stove-pipe trousers and hip-length jackets and says he has bought a pink suit for the dance. Do you think he is a bad type of bodgie, as my girl-friend says, or is his style of dress just different from what we are

used to in the country? Also, how can I tell him, without hurting his feelings, that he would look ridiculous in the pink suit? I have never said anything to him about his clothes, and I think he thinks I approve of them."

"M.A.K.," Victoria.
If this 21-year-old really has bought a pink suit, it's more than time for you to tell him your idea of what the well-dressed young man should

wear. But I think you might be mistaken. Are you sure it is a complete pink suit, not just a pink jacket to wear with dark trousers? Colored evening coats for men were featured in many stores at the beginning of the winter season.

If he is always polite and well-mannered, he could hardly be a bad type, and the fact that you have been happy to go out with him indicates that you see much more in him than his bodgie-type clothes.

He is considerate, you say, so I do not think he would mind if you told him, tactfully, and without ruffling his pride, that you think his clothes extreme. Think how you would like him to tell you if he thought your newest dress outlandish. That's the best guide I know.

"BECAUSE a boy with whom I have been going out for three weeks dresses like a bodgie, my parents have taken a dislike to him. I am 16, he is 17. I think he is a very nice boy and I know he dresses like a bodgie only because it is the craze in our district. The more my parents see of this boy the more they



A word from Debbie...

ALTHOUGH it's officially spring, there still will be lots of days when the weather demands warm clothes.

After months of wear, winter wardrobes are inclined to get a little down at heel, so here are some suggestions to make them last the distance until you can embark on the pretty summer clothes you have been planning:

- When a zipp-fastener is stiff and hard to manage, rub the end of a candle along the fastener's teeth. After a couple of rubs to work in the wax the zipp will move freely.
- To remove stains, place the stained part over a piece of blotting-paper or a pad of material so that the stain is transferred to it, not to any other part of the garment.
- If a handbag lining is torn, repair it with sticky paper—it is hardly noticeable and lasts a long time.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

IF you saw the movie "The Best Things in Life Are Free," which somewhat sketchily told the story of songwriters DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson, you'll recall that they were responsible for many of the best pop tunes of the 'twenties. Gordon MacRae, star of the film, has made an LP of songs featured in the movie, and now a straight orchestral collection of DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson hits has made its appearance.

It's packed with hit tunes from such famous Broadway shows as "George White's Scandals, 1926," "Good News," "Hold Everything," and "Fol-

low Through"—good old nostalgic stuff for the not-so-young listener, and, at the same time, a tuneful feast for the young collector. The disc (LKA.4158) takes its title "Together" from one of the tracks.

Among the twelve tunes are two dance-hall crazes of the hectic 'twenties—"Black Bottom" and "The Varsity Drag"—while the sentimental side is represented by the title song and "Just A Memory." One of my favorites, "You're the Cream In My Coffee," is there, and also that near-classic, "The Birth of the Blues."

REMEMBER Nellie Lutcher? Back around 1948 and 1949 you couldn't turn on your radio without hearing her. It could be that too much popularity put her out of business, because I hadn't heard her for years until I played "Our New Nellie," a 12in. LP numbered HAA.2036. It could mean a comeback; she's singing better than ever, and Russ Garcia's orchestra gives her splendid support. She sings a dozen top-drawer standards, including "It Had To Be You" and "Three Little Words."

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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Wonderful new Sunsilk Shampoo is another product of the famous House of Pears. Have you tried it yet?

Pears... so pure you can see right through it



THE "bush telegraph" mightn't be as slick as some methods of publicity, but popularity of the recent Aerial Art Exhibition in outback Western Australia proved it lacks nothing in efficiency.

It was the only promotion used for the nine-day, 3982-mile trip on which Miss Hilary Hunter, Keeper of the Prints at the Perth Art Gallery, and former New Yorker Bob Gude, of MacRobertson Miller Airlines, which provided free transport, took 30 contemporary paintings, weighing 330lb. and insured for £2000.

Yet everyone and their dogs, from the blue asbestos town of Wittenoom Gorge, outback of Hall's Creek and Onslow, to Carnarvon and Derby turned out to see the flying art show, which made its successful debut last year.

The pictures were shown wherever buildings were available. "Galleries" included C.W.A., Roads Board, or Mission halls and schools. The pictures were propped up on benches, often with a background of corrugated iron.

At Hall's Creek everyone was there except the local constable and the prisoner he'd arrested for armed robbery the night before, and a mother-to-be and a nurse who were awaiting the stork at the hospital.

"Most of the people we saw outback had never been inside an art gallery. They say that will be one of their first ports of call when they visit Perth," said Miss Hunter.

Worth Reporting Cured by "magic"

● A tale of magic wins this week's first prize of £20 for Angela Stringer, of 3 Chamberlain Street, Cottesloe, W.A.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

As a small girl I suffered from warts, and tried every remedy.

Nothing succeeded, so, when holidaying on my uncle's farm in Sussex, England, I took countryfolk's advice and went to the old wart charmer in a nearby village.

Accompanied by my young cousin, I knocked at the door of a thatched cottage, finding inside the old man, who was sitting in a rocking chair before an open fire.

When I showed him my wart-covered hands and arms he gave me a pin, telling me to count them carefully. This took some time, but I eventually counted 168. Then he handed me a coin, saying, "Here's a penny for 'em. They're mine now."

Going home, I didn't think much of it, being too occupied

in picking blackberries or chasing my cousin through the fields. At the farm they asked me had I seen the charmer.

"Yes," I said, glancing down at my hands and arms. Every wart had vanished.

Not since then have I had one, and I have never been able to explain their disappearance.

A prize of £5 was awarded for:

ALTHOUGH my husband didn't approve of women wearing slacks, I went out one day, bought a pair, put them on, and walked into the room where he was sitting, expecting the argument to start. He didn't say a word.

Later in the day I was entertaining friends to afternoon tea when my husband came to greet them. He was wearing a black ballerina skirt, low-cut sweater, earrings, and a bow in his hair.

We laughed till our sides ached but he kept the clothes on until I changed out of the offending slacks. I conceded the point that I probably looked as silly as he did, and have never worn them since.

R. Clark, 1 Gallard St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

HOW TO ENTER

WRITE your "Strange but True" experience clearly and in not more than 250 words. The story must be true and must not have been published previously. It can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic.

Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, INCLUDING THE STATE, to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Male praise is "fat lot of good"

RESULTS of a recent "Men Only" survey conducted in America by a national cosmetics firm are enough to make more and more women count the calories.

There's no reason to suppose the Australian male's outlook differs much from the American's, and it seems that although the man-in-your-life may tell you he likes you fat, he probably doesn't mean it.

The masculine viewpoint is interesting, even to women who claim they make themselves attractive only for their own satisfaction, so here are a few of the American home-truths:

- More than 76 per cent. of the men preferred slender women. Fourteen per cent. voted for the "medium" figure, but less than 10 per cent. owned up to liking women who are on the "fat side."

- Some 96 per cent. like a woman to use face powder, while 83 per cent. like her to use rouge, and 70 per cent. voted in favor of lipstick.

- Less than 2 per cent. liked vivid nail polish and they also turned thumbs down on eyebrows plucked too thin.

- More than four out of 10 men like to see women with long hair.



"I keep getting myself."

Much-travelled migrant

WHEN Mrs. Sheila Napier migrated from Sheffield, Yorkshire, to Australia in 1950 she determined to see something of the country.

Her first job was as a telephonist with the G.P.O. in Sydney. Then she became governess and nurse on a property near Yass, N.S.W., and then on a station near Geondiwindi, Qld.

She had met her husband, Kevin, in Sydney before he became assistant-manager of a copra plantation near Rabaul, where Sheila flew to be married, and where Robyn, their 18-months-old daughter, was born.

After a three months' holiday in Sydney, the Napiers want to work on a cattle station in the Kimberleys.

Mrs. Murray writes a library

AUSTRALIAN writer Mrs. Max Murray, of Vauchuse, N.S.W., who recently celebrated the publication of her 150th novel, "Girl Without Money" is already more than quarter-way through her 151st and 152nd books.

Writing under the names of Maysie Greig and Jennifer Ames, Mrs. Murray works on two books at the same time.

"Maysie Greig writes light romances," she explained "and Jennifer Ames writes romantic thrillers."

"Working on two books at once gives me a break from different kinds of characters."

Mrs. Murray, widow of journalist and detective-story writer Max Murray, also looks after her 16-year-old son, Robert, and runs her home.

She works on her books about five or six hours a day.

* * *

SHOPPERS in Las Vegas would be more than a little bewildered by the current battle for 9 p.m. shop-closing on Fridays in Melbourne and Sydney. In their neck of the States life runs to a vastly different routine. Recently Joseph Magnin opened its Las Vegas store at midnight, in keeping with the way they do things there.

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9", 50/-; 10", 60/-; 11", 65/-.



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Split-level house has good outlook

● This week's home plan, a contemporary split-level design, is the type of house that is a practical solution to the problem presented by a sloping site.

THE plan is available to readers at our Home Planning Centres at the addresses listed below. The price is £7/7/-, complete with specifications.

This week's plan is one of our signature plans and is by Melbourne architect Mr. F. T. Humphrys.

It is ideal for a sloping site because the design takes advantage of the contour of the site and follows the fall of the land instead of being built up with expensive foundations.

A site with a slope frequently has a narrow frontage and a good view. Both these factors have been taken into consideration in the plan. The house would fit well on a 40ft. block, and the wide glass areas and sunny patio take advantage of a pleasant outlook.

A noteworthy feature of the design is that every room opens to the outside, catering for the modern demand for facilities for outdoor living.

Because these areas are well placed on all sides of the house, there is a place to catch the sun or cool breeze the whole year round.

Colorful flower-boxes, the interesting use of timber on balcony and carport, and the sweep of the skillion roof are

distinguishing features. In the charming interior of the house the living-rooms all extend through to the rear patio.

On the slightly lower level there are the kitchen, with a door leading directly to the carport, a small meal recess, the laundry, and the sun-room.

The house is built in a combination of bricks and timber.

Approximate building costs would be:

In New South Wales, £4500.

In Victoria, £3995.

In South Australia, £3550.

In Queensland, £3760.

Our Home Planning Centres, where this plan can be bought, offer a comprehensive service to our readers.

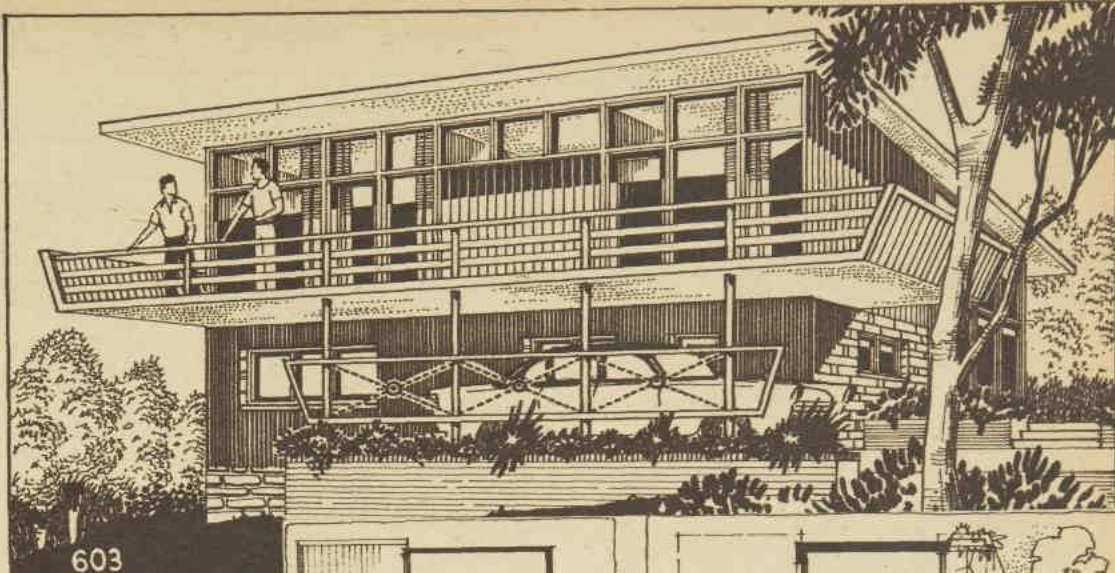
● All standard plans published in The Australian Women's Weekly are available at the Centres simultaneously with publication.

● Hundreds of other plans are available from stock.

All standard plans cost £7/7/- each, and are available in six variations, including mirror reversed.

● Plans will be prepared to any individual design at a fee of £1/1/- per square, based on total area.

Plans can be ordered by mail from the Centres. Addresses are:



OUR HOME PLAN No. 603 is a modern design for a sloping site. Every room opens to the outside, and wide glass areas and a sunny patio give a good outlook.

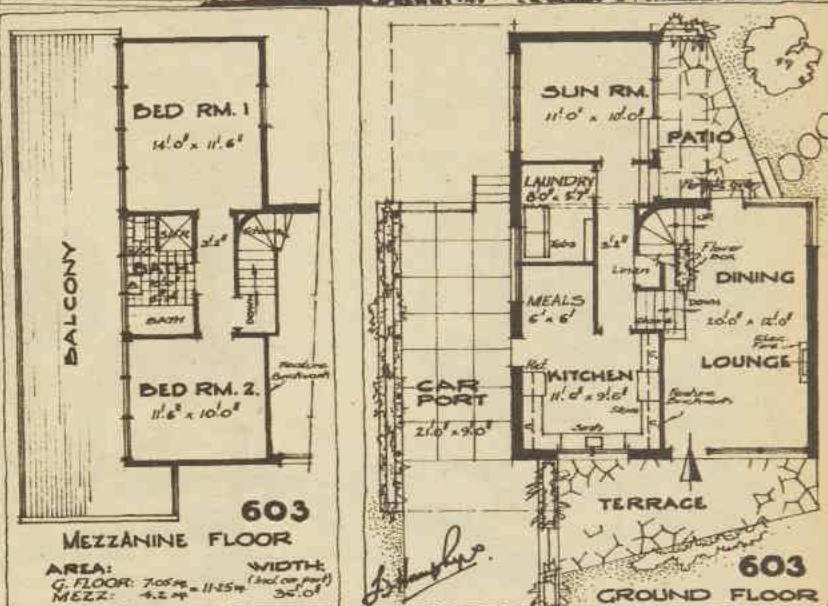
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (Third Floor), Brickfield Hill.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (Sixth Floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representatives will be in attendance at the Myer Emporium in Geelong every Thursday to advise on the selection of home plans.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (Second Floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

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FLOOR LAYOUTS. Above is the layout of the upper story, entered by a stairway from the ground floor. At right above is the ground floor, with living-rooms and terrace.

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MEDIUMWEIGHT	Vilene 65 Grey 70	Summer frocks, stand-up collars, flaring half-slips, and collars of heavy woollen topcoats.
HEAVYWEIGHT	Vilene 80	Strapless bodices, belts, waistbands, Wedding Gown petticoats, hats, beachbags, cummerbunds.

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Antiques' charm shown in modern setting

● *When used with imagination and taste, elegant old furniture can be most rewarding to the homemaker — whether a connoisseur of antiques or just an interested collector of attractive pieces.*

THE pictures on these two pages illustrate how period furniture, prints, and bibelots can be used to grace a home and still be in keeping with the contemporary feeling for light and space.

These photographs were taken at the bachelor flat of Mr. Leslie Walford, of Darling Point, Sydney, who re-designed and decorated the flat himself.

This young man, with an original way of using period furniture, studied interior decoration and design in Paris for two years. During that time he planned all the decor for his flat and collected some of the handsome furniture and ornaments now in it.

The entrance to Mr. Walford's flat (above, left) is a delightful surprise to the visitor. Against a background of black-and-white-tiled flooring there is a hall setting of William and Mary chairs upholstered in red velvet, and a table of the Queen Anne period.

A Louis XV lantern and brass candlesticks of the Italian renaissance are striking accents.

One entire wall of the hall is occupied by a mural of 17th-century ships by Claude Lorraine; it has been photographed and en-

larged to immense proportions. A narrow blue-stripping around its edges emphasises its black-and-white coloring.

Mr. Walford said he spent a long time hunting through museums, galleries, and in old books for the exact type of print he had in mind.

The living-room in the flat (see picture at right, above) is modern in its color and comfort and rich with accents from the past. Touches of gilt are found, and there is the gleam of leather as well. However, over-decoration has been carefully avoided throughout the home.

The living-room represents a Parisian salen of today, and is decorated in Louis XV and Regency styles. All the furniture is of French design, and most of it was collected in Paris.

A lovely tapestry verdure (meaning greenery without figures) covers the wall, and is of Flemish origin. It dates from about 1700, as do the two chairs flanking the brown velvet sofa. The chairs are upholstered in an unusual tapestry worked in combined gros and petit point.

The second view of the living-room (below, right) shows more of the Empire influence with its desk, lamp, and wastepaper basket made of a military drum—bearing the Arms of France.

ENTRANCE HALL (above) of black-and-white tiles features a huge mural of 17th-century ships. A Louis XIV sunburst at the far end of the hall is placed over a handsome Louis XV commode.

DINING-ROOM (above). Coffee-colored walls and coral curtains are accented by peacock-blue upholstery on the chairs. The pretty table centre-piece is of ivy, grapes, and roses.

MAIN BEDROOM (right) has a golden carpet, curtains in a pattern of turquoise and yellow. The sofa is upholstered in a shade of plum and the cushions are a dark olive.



VIEW of the living-room with the tapestry verdure on the right. In this room the carpet is a soft teal-blue and the walls a deep shade of grey. Rare 18th-century candelabras of gilded brass with a rock-crystal drop flank the portrait of Mr. Walford's mother on the far wall.



ANOTHER VIEW of the living-room (above) shows the long split mirror between the windows. The silk curtains are pure yellow. Accents include a black lacquer table with a red top, a rare five-color Ming vase (1640).



MODERN KITCHEN (right) is furnished in contemporary style. Three walls are putty-colored and the fourth is in charcoal-and-white Danish washable wallpaper. The floor is red, ceiling yellow. Pictures by Keith Barlow.



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Beautifully finished, easy-to-install Woodweev is the sure way ... the economical way to create refreshing, colourful room effects that excite admiration. Modernise with room dividers, curtains, blinds ... use as closures for doors and cupboards. Woodweev folds like an accordion ... saves floor and wall space.



Door closures like this (made to your measurements) give back space taken up by swinging doors.

Woodweev is a perfect insulating material, countering extreme room temperatures by up to 10 degrees, and gives a restful, filtered light with good ventilation always. Moreover, Woodweev does not affect TV reception as does metal.

Shown at left is a portion of the "Palm Beach" design, actual size. See this beautifully finished decorating material at leading furniture and hardware stores NOW!

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GARDENING

LADIES' EAR-DROPS



● There are now more than 2000 recognised hybrid varieties of fuchsias, or ladies' ear-drops.

IF given cool conditions and plenty of light, fuchsias are easy to grow, and flower almost year-round in milder climates.

Some are deciduous and others practically evergreen. Some are true dwarfs, others reach 12 to 20 feet.

Fuchsias need protection from hard frosts, but where mild frosts are experienced they can be trained along fences or grown under glass stippled with whitening or white paint, which breaks the glare of the winter sun.

From now until the warm spring weather is the time to prune them, taking out spindly wood, removing the berries that form on many varieties, and giving them a mulch of compost or old manure.

DOLLAR PRINCESS (above), one of the daintiest of all fuchsias and producing huge, colorful blooms.



CORALLE (above), a strong grower with long, tubular, coral-colored flowers, does best in shade, where moisture is ample. GRACILIS (left), a tall, tiny-flowered fuchsia of weeping habit, is a strong grower and requires plenty of room.

Lovely cloth with crochet trim

- This magnificent tablecloth has a crochet centre and edge in a honeycomb pattern trimmed with sunburst scallops.

THE cloth, a conversation piece in any company, could well become a treasured family heirloom.

The cloth shown is made of aqua-colored linen and is 68in. in diameter.

Materials: 11 balls of Coats Mercer Crochet, size 30, in white; Milward's steel crochet hook, size 4.

CENTRE OF CLOTH

Starting at centre, ch. 15, join with sl-st. to form ring.

1st Round: Ch. 3, 35 tr. in ring, join to top of ch. 3.

2nd Round: Ch. 3, tr. in each tr. around, join.

3rd Round: Ch. 3, tr. in same place as sl-st., 2 tr. in each tr. around. Join (72 tr.).

4th and 5th Rounds: Ch. 3, tr. in each tr. around, join.

6th Round: D.c. in same place as sl-st., * ch. 3, skip 1 tr., d.c. in next tr., rep. from * around, join.

7th Round: * 3 d.c. in next loop, ch. 5, d.c. in last d.c. made (picot made), make 3 d.c. in same loop. Rep. from * around, join.

8th Round: Sl-st. in next 2 d.c. and in picot, ch. 4, holding back on hook the last loop of each dbl-tr., make 2 dbl-tr. in same picot, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (cluster made), * ch. 9, d.c. in 5th ch. from hook, ch. 4, make a 3 dbl-tr. cluster in next picot, rep. from * around, join.

9th Round: Sl-st. in next 4 ch. and in next picot, d.c. in same picot, * ch. 7, d.c. in next picot, rep. from * around, join.

10th Round: In each loop around make 4 d.c., picot and 4 d.c., join.

11th Round: Sl-st. in each d.c. and in next picot, d.c. in same picot, * ch. 9, d.c. in next picot, rep. from * around, join.

12th Round: In each loop around make 5 d.c., picot, 5 d.c., join.

13th and 14th Rounds: Rep. 11th and 12th rounds.

15th Round: Work as for 11th round, making ch.-10 loops instead of ch.-9.

16th Round: In each loop around make 6 d.c. picot and 6 d.c., join.

17th to 24th Rounds, incl.: Work as for 11th and 12th rounds alternately, having 2 chs. more on sps. on each sp. round and 1 d.c. more before and after picot on each d.c. round (ch. 18 on 23rd round and 10 d.c., picot, 10 d.c. on 24th round).

25th Round: Rep. 23rd round.

26th Round: * In next loop make 10 d.c., picot and 10 d.c., make 10 d.c. in next loop, ch. 10, d.c. in last d.c. made, 10 d.c. in same loop, rep. from * around, join.

27th Round: Sl-st. in each d.c. and in next picot, ch. 3, in same picot make tr., ch. 2 and 2 tr.; * ch. 6, 14 dbl-tr. in next ch.-10 loop, ch. 6, in next picot make 2 tr., ch. 2, and 2 tr., rep. from * around, join to top of ch.-3.

28th Round: Sl-st. in next tr. and in next sp., ch. 3, in same sp. make tr., ch. 3 and 2 tr.; * ch. 2, 2 dbl-tr. in each of next 14 dbl-tr., ch. 2, skip next sp., in next sp. make 2 tr., ch. 2 and 2 tr., rep. from * around, join.

29th Round: D.c. in same place as sl-st., d.c. in next tr., * 2 d.c. in next sp., d.c. in next 2 tr., 2 d.c. in next sp., d.c. in next dbl-tr. (ch. 5, skip 2 dbl-tr., d.c. in next dbl-

tr.) 9 times; 2 d.c. in next sp., d.c. in next 2 tr., rep. from * around, join.

30th Round: D.c. at base of first 2 d.c., * 2 d.c. into next sp., d.c. at base of next 2 d.c., d.c. into next sp. (in next ch.-5 loop make 3 d.c., picot and 3 d.c.) 9 times; d.c. into next sp., d.c. at base of next 2 d.c. Rep. from * around, join and break off. Starch lightly and press.

TO MAKE UP

Pin to centre of cloth. Cut away material in back, leaving $\frac{1}{2}$ in. for hem. Sew neatly in place.

EDGING

1st Round: Attach thread to edge of cloth, d.c. closely around, join.

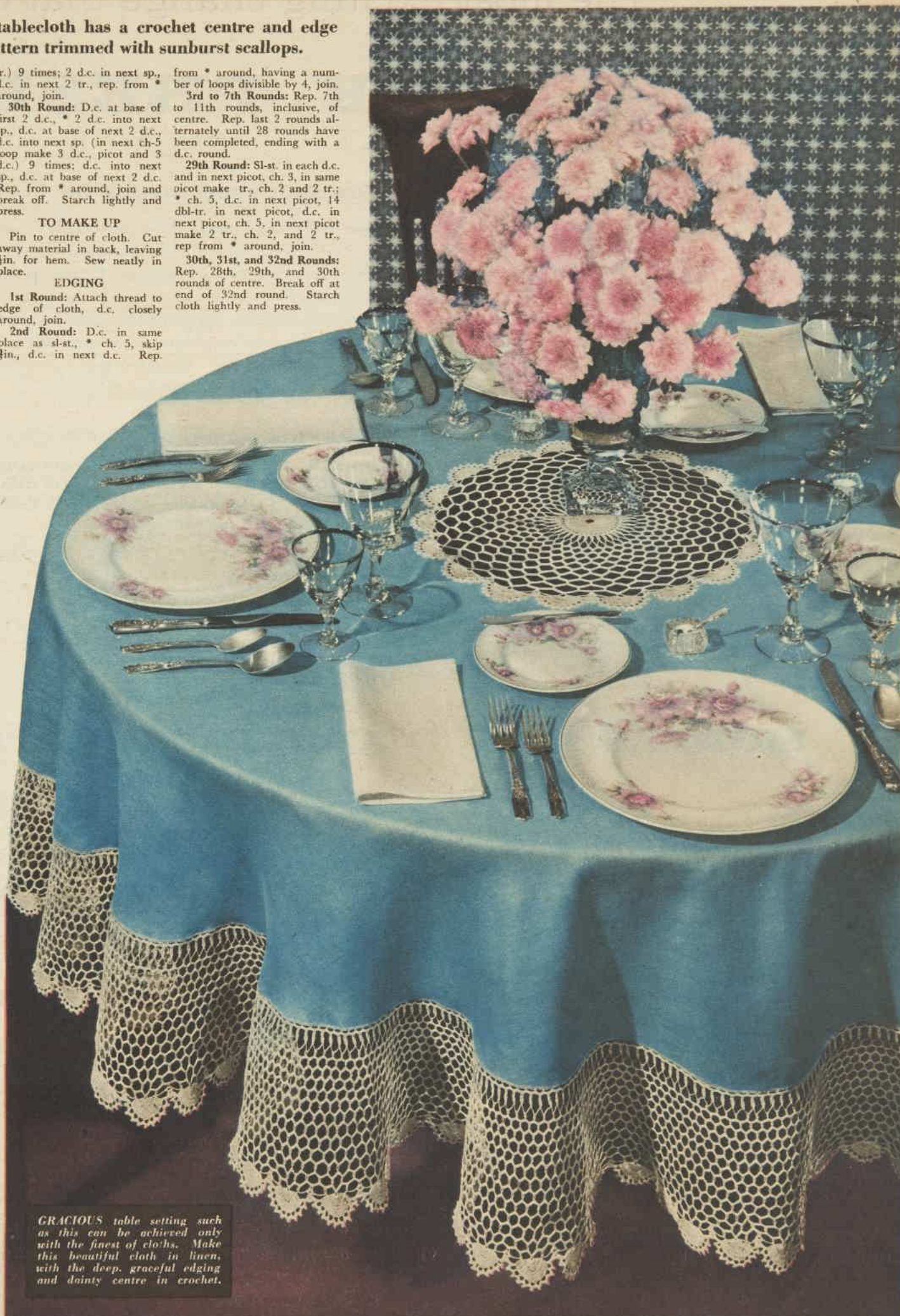
2nd Round: D.c. in same place as sl-st., * ch. 5, skip $\frac{1}{2}$ in., d.c. in next d.c. Rep.

from * around, having a number of loops divisible by 4, join.

3rd to 7th Rounds: Rep. 7th to 11th rounds, inclusive, of centre. Rep. last 2 rounds alternately until 28 rounds have been completed, ending with a d.c. round.

29th Round: Sl-st. in each d.c. and in next picot, ch. 3, in same picot make tr., ch. 2 and 2 tr.; * ch. 5, d.c. in next picot, 14 dbl-tr. in next picot, d.c. in next picot, ch. 5, in next picot make 2 tr., ch. 2, and 2 tr., rep. from * around, join.

30th, 31st, and 32nd Rounds: Rep. 28th, 29th, and 30th rounds of centre. Break off at end of 32nd round. Starch cloth lightly and press.



GRACIOUS table setting such as this can be achieved only with the finest of cloths. Make this beautiful cloth in linen, with the deep, graceful edging and dainty centre in crochet.

The most exciting change that ever came

FRIGIDAIRE* PRESENTS



If in specific cases, left-hand door openings are required, they can be made available at no extra cost.

Dramatic sheer styling fits in — looks built in!

Space-wasting bulges, curves and over-ornamentation are out — Sheer Look's in! It's the look of the Kitchen of Tomorrow interpreted by Frigidaire in a complete range of all-new refrigerators for today's kitchens! The most significant feature of this history-making style change is that every surface is flat, every edge plumb-line straight. Sheer Look styling enables the all-new Frigidaire to fit flush against work surfaces and walls — to make every corner count, thus saving space and looking a neat, integral component of the overall kitchen plan. All you have to do is place the model of your choice into position and — presto — it looks built-in!

SHEER LOOK STYLING INSIDE MAKES EVERY CORNER COUNT

The interior layouts of these all-new Frigidaire refrigerators feature Sheer Look styling, too. It looks smarter, makes it easier to store and withdraw food and, above all, puts every valuable inch to work to give far more usable storage space. It all adds up to the most useful, most convenient refrigerator ever built — thanks to Sheer Look by Frigidaire.

BREATHTAKING RANGE OF DRAMATIC COLOURS OUT-SIDE AND IN!

The fabulous range of Frigidaire modern decorator colours include such refreshing, imaginative shades as Snowcrest White, Marl Grey, Accent Red, Crystal Green, Fiesta Pink, Moonglow Cream, Dresden Blue — Charcoal, too! All have one or more contrasting coloured interiors. Sheer Look will blend in beautifully with your kitchen or give you exciting new ideas.

Choice of colours — no extra cost.

4 MODELS 13 COLOUR COMBINATIONS!



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DE LUXE 70
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MASTER 70
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MASTER 86
Vertical Freezer
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into your kitchen . . .

THE SHEER LOOK!



THIS IS IT! THE REFRIGERATOR THAT'S SWEEPING AMERICA RIGHT NOW!

Frigidaire Sheer Look refrigerators are world news. You'll see them featured in all the top magazines in America where they're making the greatest impression in the history of refrigeration. Now you have it right here in Australia at the same time — the world's best-selling refrigerator — at its world-beating best — and so well priced.



GET THIS FREE BOOKLET!

To help you plan a new kitchen or bring your present one right up-to-the-minute in looks and convenience, Frigidaire has produced a booklet called "Frigidaire Idea Kitchens." It contains actual plans, hints, wonderful colour-scheme suggestions, as well as actual specifications of the 4 all-new Sheer Look Models. Ask your Frigidaire dealer for your copy now!

MATERNITY FASHIONS



Six to make from patterns,
four to buy ready-made
or cut out ready to sew

HERE, in a special four-page feature, we show how to be attractively dressed while expecting a baby.

Color is a staunch ally to morale in pregnancy. Light colors do not necessarily have an enlarging effect; intense reds, blues, clear whites are flattering. However, we have included a dark suit and dark coat.

Many of the costumes selected consist of several units that can be mix-matched.

One of our star garments, illustrated overleaf, is an all-purpose brunch coat in the prettiest range of check gingham.

● Patterns and garments to buy ready to wear or to sew may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Address mail orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand and Tasmanian orders to the same address.



4623.—Collarless, straight-cut, short-sleeved coat (above) is easy to wear and comfortable. The coat can be coupled with a separate skirt, or worn more formally with a "two-piecer," or over other clothes. Available in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



4620.—Bright-hued two-piecer (left) has a daisy applique and white accent on the separate top. The skirt hangs straight and has special waist expansion. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 3yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6. Transfer for daisy applique 1/6 extra.

This four-page feature has been made available exclusively to us in Australia by "Good Housekeeping" magazine.



4621.—Versatile party ensemble (above) can be worn with the blouse (4622) or bare-throated for after-five. Ensemble and blouse in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Ensemble requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. 4622, blouse, requires 2½ yds. 36in. Price 3/-.
 (2)

4619.—Dazzling eye-catching separates (left) made in plain and printed dress material. Both top and skirt can be coupled effectively with other garments. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. printed material and 2½ yds. 36in. plain material. Price 4/9.
 (2)

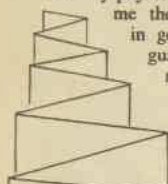
4625.—Smart city suit (right). The beltless jacket has clean classic lines and is prettily collared in contrast. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material, ½ yd. 36in. contrast, ½ yd. 36in. frilled edging, and 1½ yds. narrow ribbon. Pattern price 4/6.





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MIX-MATCH FASHIONS



"PERFECT COMPANION." Sleeveless, scoop-necked jerkin-jacket (above) to wear with a matching or contrast skirt. The material and color choice include sanforized poplin in lipstick, bolero-blue, coral, black, red, pale pink, and ming-blue. Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 53/6, 36 and 38in. bust 55/9. Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 34/3, 36 and 38in. bust 35/9. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

"RED ELEGANCE," the maternity skirt illustrated twice (above and right), makes a perfect team with a variety of tops. The material choice is black sundek and sanforized poplin in lipstick, bolero-blue, coral, black, bright red, pale pink, and ming-blue. Ready to wear: Sizes 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist in poplin 54/6, in sundek 62/3. Cut out only: Sizes 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist in poplin 35/9, in sundek 41/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

"DAZZLER," Cool-neck slip-over (right), with cool, loose lines and finished with new-again below-elbow sleeves, can be worn with other skirts. The material and color choice include sanforized poplin in lipstick, bolero-blue, coral, black, red, pale pink, and ming-blue. Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 62/3, 36 and 38in. bust 65/9. Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 38/9, 36 and 38in. bust 41/6. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

TODAY'S maternity clothes can be almost as varied and individual as any other fashions. Best of all, they are versatile. The single basic costume can seem like many, with several change-about "tops."

The designs here and on the opposite page can be bought ready to wear and cut out ready to sew. They are obtainable from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Address mail orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand and Tasmanian orders to the same address. Please mention name of garment, and make a second color choice.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 25, 1957

All-purpose duster



"ROBE-IN-WAITING," a glamorous all-purpose duster-coat that can also double as a dress. It is a truly versatile garment, and the best morale-builder, both for the wearer and her audience.

● The duster is check gingham with a plain white collar and tie. The color choice is pink and white, blue and white, mauve and white, red and white, green and white, black and white. Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 77/9, 36 and 38in. bust 79/11. Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 47/3, 36 and 38in. bust 49/9. Postage and registration 4/- extra.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 25, 1957

Fashion that Flatters



A Susan fitting for the 5' 4" and under — the slimming Empire Line. Presented by Adelyn in varied eye-catching floral designs in Grafton's anti-shrink Super Lavenelle.

SUSAN FITTING SW-QS.
STYLE No. 308.

Adelyn

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LAXATIVE
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Signed M. A. Baxter (Mrs.)

Certain laxatives operate before your food has had time to be of maximum benefit—they leave you feeling weak. Beecham's Pills are a special laxative treatment that ensures a thorough clearance *only* when you have digested your food properly and completely absorbed the essential proteins and vitamins. By taking Beecham's Pills you will relieve constipation and derive full value from your food. So choose...

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BP. AUG. 1/57

P.S. PICTORIAL-Show . . . is the magazine that gives you all the news about show business as well as a host of interesting pictures about local and overseas events—
price 9d.

Page 41

Fragrant loveliness



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pedestal, 16/6;
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Brochure and name of nearest agent

Prizes awarded for recipes

● A delicious pie, flavored with apple, banana, and passionfruit, wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

OTHER varieties of fresh or tinned fruits, if preferred, can replace those used in the prize-winning pie. The short-crust casing can also be replaced with your favorite biscuit or champagne pastry recipe.

Steak marinade, which wins a consolation prize of £1, is an excellent main course dinner dish.

It is cooked with a small amount of wine — claret or burgundy. Consequently, some of the less expensive cuts of meat can be used, because the wine helps to soften tough meat fibres.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

FRUIT SALAD PIE

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 1½ cups sweetened apple pulp, 2 bananas, 3 passionfruit, 1oz. sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon boiling water, 3oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, ¼ cup milk, cream.

Roll pastry out thinly on floured board; line a 9in. tart-plate. Trim edge, pinch a frill. Spread apple pulp over pastry, cover with sliced bananas and passionfruit pulp. Sprinkle with 1oz. sugar. Cream shortening with 3oz. sugar and vanilla, gradually add boiling water, beat until soft and fluffy; add egg. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Spoon cake mixture over fruit, bake in moderate oven until cooked, approximately 25 to 30 minutes. Serve topped with whipped cream and extra passionfruit pulp.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Pickstone, Dalveen, Southern Line, Qld.

STEAK MARINADE

Two pounds topside steak (cut into two equal-sized pieces), 1-3rd cup claret or burgundy, 3 or 4 rashers bacon, 4 eggs, 1 onion, paprika, 1 tomato, fat for frying, 1½ cups stock or water, salt, pepper, flour.

Place steak in a shallow

pan, pour over wine, and allow to marinate for 2 hours. Drain; reserve wine for gravy. Cook eggs for 6 to 8 minutes until firm but not hard boiled. Cool, remove shells, cut into slices lengthwise. Arrange bacon strips and eggs over one piece of meat, cover with second piece. Secure edges together with cocktail sticks or coarse thread. In a large pan fry

chopped onion in hot fat, add meat sprinkled with paprika; brown on all sides. Add chopped tomato, ¼ cup stock, and salt and pepper to taste. Cover with tightly fitting lid, simmer 1½ hours or until meat is tender. Remove meat, add balance of stock and marinade liquid, thicken to desired consistency with seasoned flour. Place meat on large serving dish, surround with baked potatoes and whole onions. Serve with hot gravy and extra vegetables in season.

Alternative filling suggestions:

Finely sliced onion and tomato; boiled rice flavored with crushed garlic and chopped tomato or diced bacon; chopped mushrooms and bacon pieces.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. N. Lucie, 138 Bransgrove Rd., Panania, N.S.W.

Readers are invited to enter our recipe contest. Prizes are awarded each week for the best tested recipes containing readily available food-stuffs. Write clearly in ink and address entries to Recipe Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

FAMILY DISH

MEAT pasties are always popular. Try them fried as suggested in this week's family dish. The cost is approximately 5/9 for nine or ten pasties.

FRIED MEAT PASTIES

Twelve ounces shortcrust pastry, ¼ cup celery or tomato soup, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon bacon fat or margarine, ½lb. minced steak, 2 tablespoons raisins, ¼ cup diced cooked carrot, salt, pepper.

Cook chopped onion and steak in bacon fat or margarine until browned. Add raisins, carrot, salt and pepper to taste, and soup. Simmer, covered, ½ hour, continue cooking until liquid is absorbed. Roll pastry thinly, cut into 6in. circles. Place 2 tablespoons meat mixture on one side of each circle, glaze edges, fold over, and pinch edges together. Fry in deep, fuming fat 3 to 4 minutes. Serve piping hot with tomato sauce or chutney.



DECORATE each wedge with a heaped spoonful of sweetened whipped cream and passionfruit when serving this fruit-salad pie cold. Serve hot with creamy egg custard.



STEAK MARINADE served with baked vegetables, green peas, and glazed carrots makes an appetising and satisfying meal. See recipe for this prizewinning dish at left.

OVER-FEEDING BABY

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

MANY nursing mothers have experienced the discomforts and difficulties of an excessive milk supply.

Too much milk means it is easy to overfeed your baby for three or four weeks before he shows any definite signs of being digestively disturbed. You need to be observant and to watch for any of the following early signs of overfeeding:

- Excessive gains in weight. An overfed baby may gain perhaps 10 or 12 ounces or even up to a pound every week.
- Restlessness and wind. You will find that the baby is not sleeping peacefully between feeds, but is restless and has wind and may have attacks of colic.

Baby "possets" or brings up larger quantities of milk just

after feeds. He also vomits between feeds.

- Short duration of feeds.

Test-weighing is the only means of finding out how much food a breast-fed baby gets. Accurate balance scales can be hired for this purpose. Test feeds over a month will help regulate baby's feeds if any difficulties are being experienced.

However, if baby is thriving and sleeping well, is contented, and is making regular weekly gains, it is not necessary to have a test-feed.

A full chapter on breast-feeding, on possible difficulties, and signs of over-feeding and under-feeding is included in my parentcraft book, "You and Your Baby." This can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, or from book-sellers in the capital cities. Price, 15/-, plus 9d. postage. Please print names and addresses clearly.

RECIPES FOR YOUR FILE

ON this and the following page are four more delicious tested recipes for you to cut out and add to the appropriate section of your index file. The recipes are printed with the picture on one page and the ingredients and method of cooking directly opposite on the other. When you cut out the recipes each one is complete.



CORN CHOWDER

JELLIED SALAD RING

• One 12oz. tin tuna (or any other tinned fish), 4 pickled gherkins, 3 cups medium-thickness white sauce, 2 tablespoons parboiled green pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons gelatine dissolved in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water.

Combine white sauce with flaked fish, sliced gherkin, green pepper, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, mayonnaise, and dissolved gelatine. Fill into wetted ring-tin, chill until set. Unmould, serve in wedges on crisp lettuce leaves with salad garnishes. Serves 6-8.

Note: To make white sauce cook without boiling 2oz. melted butter and 2oz. flour. Gradually add $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints milk, stir over low heat until sauce boils and thickens. Season and simmer 3 minutes.



MARINADED RABBIT

TROPICAL ANGEL PIE

• Two egg-whites, pinch cream of tartar, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 3 tablespoons shredded coconut, 4oz. cream cheese, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, 1 tablespoon rum or pineapple juice, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups finely diced pineapple and cherries.

Beat egg-whites stiffly with cream of tartar and salt. Gradually add sugar, continue beating until mixture will hold its shape. Spread meringue over base and sides of greased 9in. tart-plate, sprinkle with coconut. Bake in slow oven 1 hour, or until crisp and dry. Allow to become quite cold. Beat cream cheese until fluffy, add castor sugar; flavor with rum or pineapple juice. Pile drained pineapple pieces into meringue-shell, top with cream mixture. Decorate with pineapple and fresh or preserved cherries. Cut into 7-8 wedges. Serve with cream if desired.

Now! Specially made
for today's 'natural look' hair-do's that need
just a few curls

Tweeny Twink



PERMS
UP TO
15 CURLS
FOR ONLY
5/6



PAGEBOY PLUS Charming variation of the perennially popular pageboy style. Comb up so that roll starts high on the head and curves sweetly to the nape of the neck, where it breaks into a soft fluff of curls. Use 9 to 15 curls with Tweeny Twink, according to the thickness of hair.



NEW WIDE LOOK Beautiful new hair style that goes way out at the sides. To keep that smooth but puffed-out look, you'll need the soft perming of Tweeny Twink curls at the sides—maybe six at each side.



PONY TAIL CONVERTIBLE By day, let it be a pony tail that takes naturally to sun and sports; by night, twist it into a beguiling little chignon or French roll. But first, make it infinitely manageable with several Tweeny Twink curls.

AT LAST, a home perm that does just a few curls... at the neckline, on the sides, the fringe up front. Tweeny Twink puts your waves and curls exactly where you want them for today's prettiest new hair-do's.

Even if you have never so much as set a pin curl before, you'll find home perming with Tweeny Twink delightfully simple—just a one, two, three operation of winding, putting on

lotion and rinsing. No neutralizer to fuss with—your curls dry naturally and comb out lustroously soft and easy to manage.

Worried by "in-between perm" stragglers? Now you can avoid those annoying stragglers, the wispy, untidy ends that spoil the look of your hair-do. Tweeny Twink gives you just enough waving lotion to put new curl where old curl fades first... the ends of your hair.

Twink—the home perm with special oil conditioner for silky-soft waves without frizz

Why are Bond's "Cottontails" the greatest value in Australia?

because Bond's buy the raw cotton for "Cottontails" overseas on the best world markets. The whole of the processing to the finished garment is done by Bond's.

That's why Bond's can give you such high quality at such keen, keen prices!



Just as wonderful to wear with your best sheath dress as they are for business or housework . . . or even for the beach or tennis. This is *real* comfort in briefs. Light in weight but the high quality of the cotton absorbs perspiration. In white, sizes SSW-OS. Lightweight cotton, 7/6. Interlock, 7/11.

- Smoothly knitted from soft combed cotton, "Cottontails" wash easily (can be boiled!), dry fast, non iron.
- Fit is smooth, sleek, wrinkle-free.
- They're cut sufficiently long in the seat so that they won't ride up or pull down from the waist.
- The "Action Gusset" is cut wide enough for movement, can't bunch or chafe.
- Nylon reinforced legbands fit snugly, can't bind or cut or lose their shape.
- The elastic waistband lasts the life of the briefs.



"Cottontails"

In Two Weights —

Lightweight Interlock

7' 6 7' 11

"TRU-SIZE" COTTON VESTS KEEP THEIR SHAPE

No shrinking, no stretching
— they're BOND'S

These vests keep their shape because Bond's do the whole of their processing, from spinning the raw cotton right down to the finished garment. The cotton, in sparkling white will wash and wear wonderfully.

Vests from the left: for women, (A) sizes SW to OS, 4/3; XOS, 7/9; for girls, (B) sizes 2 to maids, 2/11 to 5/6; (C) 2 to 6, 3/6 (elasticised neckband).

IT'S KNIT. . . IT'S NICE. . . IT'S

BOND'S

MORE DISHES FOR FILING

BELOW are two more tasty, easy-to-prepare recipes to add to your kitchen file. Readers can order a ready-made wooden file, which measures about 8½ by 6½ inches, from any of our branch offices. See addresses at top of page 2 (Tasmanian readers should write to our Sydney Office). Price is 10/-, postage 2/- extra.

CORN CHOWDER

• Three rashers bacon (rind removed) or 2 strips salted pork, 1 onion, 1lb. potatoes, 2 cups water, 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups cooked corn, 1 to 1½ cups cooked peas, 1 dessertspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Chop bacon and onion, saute in pan a few minutes. Place in saucepan, add peeled and sliced potatoes and water; cook until tender. Stir in flour blended with a little of the milk. Bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Add balance milk, peas, corn, salt, pepper, and Worcestershire sauce. Reheat, but do not allow to boil. Serve piping hot. Serves 6.

Note: As all chowders are substantial in themselves, they need only be followed by a light grill, salad, or fresh fruit dessert to form a satisfying meal.

JELLIED SALAD RING



MARINADED RABBIT

• One large rabbit, ¼ cup fat or oil, 1-3rd cup flour, salt, pepper, ½ cup vinegar, ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, 1½ cups tomato puree, 1½ cups water, 1 sliced onion, 2 rashers bacon, green and black olives, small shallots.

Clean and soak rabbit; joint, arrange in shallow dish. Sprinkle with herbs, salt and pepper, pour vinegar over. Allow to marinate 1 hour. Drain well, coat with flour. Place in hot fat, brown on all sides. Arrange in casserole with onion and bacon pieces. Pour over tomato puree and water which has been thickened with remaining flour. Cover, bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Add olives, cook until rabbit is tender.

For decorative effect—pour boiling water over shallots to soften; tie around bones of rabbit joints. Serves 4.

TROPICAL ANGEL PIE



DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

A sleeveless top and matching shorts is a fashion favorite for teenagers; this fashion looks new and fresh in striped cotton.

TWO examples are illustrated at right; they were chosen in response to a teenager's query. Here is the letter and my reply:

"WOULD you please tell me the latest styles in playsuits, and design a couple of ideas for which I could buy paper patterns? I need the clothes for my holidays in De-

cember, but would like to make them as soon as possible. My size is 32in. bust."

This season there is no revolutionary change in playsuit designs. The suit, consisting of short shorts and matching, casually fitted top, is one of the most popular designs for teenagers. Cotton is a favorite choice, and a striped or spotted material gives a new look to these semi-classics. You

can obtain a paper pattern for either of the designs illustrated. Under the pictures are further details and how to order.

"HAVING blue eyes, I look my best in pastel blues. Would such a color be suitable for a dress and coat for summer afternoon wear? Please suggest materials."

All shades of blue will be worn in the coming season,

and I think two shades of this color would look very effective for a coat-and-dress ensemble. For example, you could have saxe-blue, heavy-textured silk or cotton for the coat, and pastel blue silk chiffon for the dress.

"IS there any new detail I could follow for a sheath dress for early spring?"

New look in the sheath is its silhouette, which is softened and eased by trouser pleats below the waistline and soft fullness above the waist. The pleats bring a new gentle roundness to the hipline. This softer look is a carry-over from Dior's autumn suit, with its Dutch-boy look created by a peg-top skirt.

"I HAVE some black faille with a horizontal satin shadow-stripe that I want to use for a dressy coat. Please suggest a style. I am thin and rather tall."

My suggestion is a coat cut straight in front with fullness in the back and finished with a shawl collar and full "blown" sleeves. Have the sleeves set in, quite full from the shoulder-line and tightly cuffed below the elbow.

"SHOULD a girl go hatless to look for a job?"

If your hair-grooming is perfect it is not necessary to wear a hat for an interview in the business world.



● Shorts and jacket-top (above) in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. striped material, 1½ yd. 36in. plain. Price, 4/-

● Shorts and blouse-top in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/-

Patterns are obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney

Beauty in brief:

MANICURE KNOW-HOW

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Every woman wants pretty hands; to achieve this, some manicure know-how is necessary.

ALWAYS buff the nails, then scrub them gently with a nail-brush and warm, soapy water to give a smooth surface for lacquer.

Shake the polish bottle well before applying the lacquer, and tip the bottle to the side to prevent air-bubbles forming. Apply nail polish to the "hardest" hand first (this is usually the right hand).

A perfect lacquering job depends on the way the polish is applied. Put on first a base, then two coats of color,

and finally a clear over-coat. Allow plenty of time for each coat to dry before applying the next.

The polish will not chip easily if the lacquer is carried over, under, and round the tip of the nail.

Finally, to stop the polish thickening in the bottle, wipe the lip with some cotton-wool dipped in polish remover. This keeps the lip clean, the cap will fit on more firmly, and air can't get into the bottle.

FASTEST WAY TO MAKE TASTY SAVOURIES



READY TO EAT...A KRAFT SPREADS TREAT



"6 different delicious flavours — free glasses, too",

says Elizabeth Cooke,

Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

You'll whip up savouries and sandwiches in seconds when you have Kraft Spreads handy. Cream Cheese Spread — smooth texture and delicate flavour. Smokay — smoked ham flavour. Gorgonzola — rich and piquant. Cheddar Cheese Spread — fully matured "tasty" flavour. Danish

Blue — rich, full flavour. Sandwich Relish — gherkin and spices blended into a creamy spread.

Kraft Spreads come in re-usable 5-oz. fluted tumblers. Sandwich Relish is also available in a big 10½-oz. glass — and you save 7d. when you buy this economical way.



Kraft Cheez Whiz — for more fast cheese treats. Spread it, spoon it, heat it.

Another fast spreader — it's KRAFT VELVEETA

Velveeta is a mild-flavoured cheese food that spreads like butter. In fact, you don't need butter when you spread money-saving Velveeta. Saves money — adds extra nourishment.

P.S. — Youngsters who won't drink milk get all milk's goodness from Velveeta — let them enjoy it often.



MADE BY KRAFT — FAMOUS FOR FINE FOODS

The sports clothes sensation of the year! From the Marco sketchbook comes

Co-ordimates



SPORTS COAT illustrated is the newest overseas fashion trend in colour and style. In beautiful "Snowgrain" a fine wool cloth, it is just right for the warmer months.

THE TROUSERS feature "Char-
glint" a Centenary Mills cloth ex-
clusive to Marco. Worn with the
pastel sports coat, these trousers
provide a completely harmonious
appearance. Just one of the many
combinations by Marco.

The fashion designers' touch to luxurious sports clothes that are made for each other. Co-ordimates are Sports Coats and Sports Trousers that have been artfully blended to produce perfect harmony of clothes and colours. In this way if you buy a Marco Sports Coat or Trousers separately you're always sure they will harmonise—never clash. Co-ordimates, too, are available in the widest range of pure wool cloths, artistically accentuated in many cases with silken glints. Blends of Terylene and Wool, too, play their part in the Co-ordimates story.

For coats it's the natural shoulder line pleasantly accentuated by the slimmer lapel, plus Marco perfectionist tailoring throughout. The luxury trousers are in 3 exclusive Marco styles—"California Club" pleasing American belt-loop style; "Elasta-Belt" with the immaculate built on belt; "Elasta-Strap" a fully self-supporting style. Up to the minute detail styling plus all the Marco luxury features.

Coats from £12/19/6

Trousers from £6/15/-

Marco












THE COMBINATIONS



AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning Sept. 23

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck through your best beloved.</p>	<p>★ Co-operation is essential if you are to get anywhere. Don't try to lead all the time or develop a bossy reputation. It must be teamwork all the way.</p>	<p>★ Visitors are likely this week. Although you may not contemplate giving a party, informal coming and going is the cause of much merrymaking, so stock your pantry.</p>	<p>★ Whether love is old or new, it will bring happiness this week. Engagements or marriages are big news among the Aries born. Luck comes from the opposite sex.</p>	<p>★ The happiest social occasions will take place in the evening. Whether formal or informal, long planned or arranged in haste, they show you at your best.</p>
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, light blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in doing a good job.</p>	<p>★ Plenty of hard grind and perhaps little to show for it at the moment. Actually, you will reap the benefit of present efforts a little later. Guard health carefully.</p>	<p>★ Grim determination to spring clean may keep you moving in top gear. Special tasks on top of ordinary routine will give you scant leisure to waste.</p>	<p>★ If you and your beloved are both busy with studies, or concerned with club activities, this week is likely to be more matter-of-fact than romantic.</p>	<p>★ Voluntary workers and all those who meet for a purpose beyond mere sociability are going to have their big moments. Hard work will be followed by brilliant success.</p>
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, green. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in romance.</p>	<p>★ You're on the lucky side just now, financially speaking, and likely to enjoy either a slight increase in income or a decrease in expenses. Bargains may be found.</p>	<p>★ If a parent, probably a birthday party or treat for the small fry. Otherwise a new attraction in the home such as new records, games, or books.</p>	<p>★ Love may blossom unexpectedly. You discover how charming a member of the opposite sex can be, although you may have known him previously.</p>	<p>★ This week is top flight for fun, amusements, dances, parties, theatre-going, entering into tournaments and competitions of all kinds.</p>
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, mauve. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck on your doorstep.</p>	<p>★ If a homemaker you are under smiling stars. They might mean a shift to a more attractive neighborhood, the building of a home or a retying of your present residence.</p>	<p>★ Home is your base, to which you return gladly when the outside world gives you a few jolts. Moral support from the family gives you a lift.</p>	<p>★ Whether you live with your family or share a flat with another girl, creating the right impression of domesticity is always sound policy. Give a dinner party.</p>	<p>★ Whether you play hostess to one or one hundred, you should be able to pull it off. Your guests will respond with enthusiasm and fall in with suggestions. Use originality.</p>
LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a personal interview.</p>	<p>★ There could be a lot of running around in circles, rumors, gossip, schemes adopted, then abandoned. You won't be bored, but tangible progress may be slow.</p>	<p>★ You can improve your home-making by attending demonstrations of new products or by joining a class in domestic arts. Window-shopping gives you ideas.</p>	<p>★ Your beloved may organise an expedition to a new place of interest and suggest a foursome. If asked to bring a girl for the extra boy, choose a pleasant one.</p>	<p>★ If attending a meeting, bring the agenda along. Look up doubtful points beforehand, coming armed with facts. If you wish to speak on any subject, be brief.</p>
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a business venture.</p>	<p>★ A new job, changes in the old routine, a practical approach to problems which can't be side-stepped should in the end work to your advantage.</p>	<p>★ How best to accomplish your objectives, which method to adopt on the financial side is not always easy to determine. Weigh the pros and cons.</p>	<p>★ Encourage your beloved to stick to his ambitions even if love must wait. The boy-friend with a future is also a good prospective life mate because he has character.</p>	<p>★ You'll be apt to settle for a day in town and look around the shops. Lunch and a matinee may be preferred to social activities which require a lot of preparation.</p>
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in hitting the target.</p>	<p>★ Turn on the charm, and play the game with an eye on the scoreboard. You can't be too dynamic in putting your ideas across. Clinch any deal at once.</p>	<p>★ Change domestic routine, try new dishes, spend more time with the department of homemaking you most enjoy. Give more thought to your personal appearance.</p>	<p>★ If you're sure it's love, bring matters to a climax. Create the right setting, put on your most becoming frock and leave the rest to him.</p>	<p>★ If you've been pushed into the background recently, you may be glad to take over the limelight and responsibilities that go with it. You begin new enterprises.</p>
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a quiet corner.</p>	<p>★ Stop, look, and listen. Learn through other people's mistakes and successes. Lay the foundations for future security, and eliminate luxuries. Avoid indebtedness.</p>	<p>★ A hobby which can be pursued at home should now fill those odd quarters of an hour when you are waiting for the family to come home, or when housework is done.</p>	<p>★ If a stranger rescues you from a predicament, it will be up to you if in ends there. Rescuers should always be thanked prettily as further meetings might result.</p>	<p>★ Sometimes it is easier or pleasanter to be in opposition than in command. Once you have put your opinion on record it might be wiser to sit back and watch for results.</p>
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, orange. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in sports and pastimes.</p>	<p>★ Take a bit of extra interest in the job and encourage others to do the same. You might make a friend of a fellow worker and find you can be of mutual help.</p>	<p>★ That cup of afternoon tea with a friend or two can provide a change of atmosphere. If you let people drift out of your life it will be a lonely pathway.</p>	<p>★ If he plays on the team, go along to cheer. If he partners you in a competition, you should both do well. If you are his opponent, don't defeat him too often.</p>	<p>★ Sports are well in the picture. Any game you can play should see you at the peak of your form. Young subjects are favored. A prize may be headed your way.</p>
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in advertising talents.</p>	<p>★ Keep your name and your efforts before those who count. You may be in the race for something worthwhile, but if you stand back you'll be passed over.</p>	<p>★ Social glory is enjoyable, but for the chronic committee member the home is likely to be left to shift for itself. The family pays in hasty meals and belated washdays.</p>	<p>★ You and the one you love best are likely to see each other chiefly on formal occasions. Attempts to stroll in the moonlight may be frustrated through circumstances.</p>	<p>★ Study your personal appearance and make the best of your good points. More may depend on it than you imagine. The right impression is essential to your success.</p>
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, rose. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck on the highway.</p>	<p>★ Your work might take you temporarily into a new district or into different surroundings. You can learn many new tricks of the trade if you keep your eyes open.</p>	<p>★ An expedition shared by the entire household could be not only a source of pleasure but a long-revered and discussed adventure into new scenes.</p>	<p>★ You may shine as a letter-writer because the beloved is away, or you may have to entertain one of his relatives from a distance. Give your efforts an original twist.</p>	<p>★ You might find yourself teaching a friend or neighbor some skill with which you are familiar, or you might be a student. Sociability will follow such efforts.</p>
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a little windfall.</p>	<p>★ Those who give up a few pleasures now may be able to gratify a wish later. Anticipation is a spur and, whatever your goal, now is the time to work out the programme.</p>	<p>★ Concentration on one single target is probable. Whether you're sewing, or else doing a job of amateur interior decorating, everything else slides.</p>	<p>★ Hang on tight. You're going around a dangerous corner. Your family may disapprove of your choice, or financial status may prevent glamorous dates. Be patient.</p>	<p>★ Very quiet for most of you. With one chapter ended and the next not yet begun, it is good for nerves and personalities to have a short interlude of rest.</p>



Not only that famous PERSIL WHITENESS but . . .

Now! New Persil made to care for your hands!

33% MORE PURE SOAP ADDED FOR THOROUGH GENTLENESS

Now you can have soft, smooth hands as well as that famous Persil whiteness. Wonderful New Persil now contains 33% more pure soap, gives you softer, soapier suds that really care for your hands no matter how often you wash. Its millions of milder suds work gently through the weave, gently easing out the dirt to give you that famous Persil whiteness with a gentleness your hands will love.



...in washing machine or copper PERSIL WASHES WHITER — it's guaranteed!



will have no anaesthetist and no assistance. He—"

"I will go with him," Nancy Clifton said at once.

"No!" Captain Whitehead snapped the one word sharply. "No."

"Me," the Palawan's chief officer broke in, "I will help if I can."

"Get my bag ready, Nancy," John Crandall was saying. "You'll know what I'll need." He heard the Madonia's master murmuring to Doctor Wolfson, but he didn't know what they said.

Then he was telling Captain Whitehead with firmness instead, "If Doctor Wolfson and you will agree, sir, I ask you to let him care for this ship's emergency needs while I'm gone. I ask you to let me stay over there in the Palawan. I cannot leave a patient without attention in the middle of the ocean after surgery. I'd rejoin the ship in Manila."

"What did I tell you, Captain?" Doctor Wolfson's eyes

Continuing . . . Surgery At Sea

from page 26

of the Palawan. Mortimer Wolfson was there, and Nancy Clifton, too.

Then he was climbing down. The boat fell far away below him, then lifted with a surging rush. He jumped, staggered, and almost fell. The boat's caught him, helped him to a thwart. Mr. Johnson followed to the sternsheets. The Palawan's boat shoved off.

"I'll say hello to Hongkong and Singapore for you," Nancy's voice was husky, trying its best to be gay.

And that's how young John Crandall crossed a narrow space of ocean to board a rust-hulled tramp in the last of the sunset light. Nancy watched that boat crawl over there. Each time that frail thing slid from sight in the steep, long trough, she held her breath. But it always reappeared on a rushing crest.

Maybe this was what John Crandall wanted, not Hongkong or Singapore at all. A tramp ship on a boundless white-capped sea and a man over there in need of him. He would know the ocean truly now.

They left the tramp ship rapidly astern. Nancy remained on the liner's afterdeck a long time, staring back against the night. There was nothing there to see. She didn't seem surprised to find Doctor Wolfson at her side.

"He will be a better physician for it," she heard the surgeon murmuring, and she remembered again what John had said. "I couldn't possibly offer to go myself," Doctor Wolfson's gentle voice went on. "You understand that, Miss Clifton. It would almost have amounted to insult."

"John would never have permitted it, anyhow."

"Of course he wouldn't."

"Do you think it is over yet?"

"No. He will be extremely cautious. He has poor sterilisation facilities. You know that. And he's all alone. Alone with the scalpel in his hand for the very first time. He will be a little frightened. I remember. I know. Don't you worry about it. It's normal. I'd say an hour. Maybe even an hour and a half. But he'll do all right."

"Thank you, Doctor Wolfson."

"Come along now, Nancy. We will have some coffee together."

So the Madonia went rushing through the night, the sea noise all around. John Crandall wouldn't see Hongkong. He wouldn't eat chicken curry and Bombay duck at Mama Sangh's on North Boat Quay in Singapore. Nancy Clifton did.

She went with Doctor Wolfson. He gave her comfort. He spoke to her about doctors' wives. He touched her with some wisdom and serenity. And in time Captain Joseph Whitehead heard from John Crandall in the Palawan. There was a message for Nancy, too.

"All well," it said. "Will meet you and Doctor Wolfson dockside in Manila. Love."

AND when the Madonia warped into her Manila berth, he was there all right. She saw him right away. He seemed taller. His face was browned by sun. When he grinned aloft, she didn't think it made him look like a little boy any more. She thought he looked like a doctor now. There was someone with him. Big man. Blue eyes of steel in a face the color of teak. That large man waited, smiling faintly, when Nancy rushed

down the gangway into young Doctor Crandall's arms. Mortimer Wolfson waited, too.

Then Crandall, one arm still round the girl and nodding towards his companion, was saying with a hint of pride, "My patient, Captain Harry Gordon, master of the tramp ship Palawan. Got his appendix before it burst. Just before, I think . . . Captain Gordon, this is Nancy Clifton and Dr. Mortimer Wolfson."

"You look very fit," the surgeon said.

"He carved me neat and clean. Right on top of the saloon table, too." The Palawan's master had a deep bass voice. His blue eyes flashed. "I'm glad he came aboard. He can sail with me any time. Home to San Francisco if he wants." The deep bass voice had a quarterdeck ring. "He told me about you two. I've a car at the pierhead. I thought we would all go out to the Merchant Officers' Club."

They went. They sat in the leather chairs at one of those teakwood tables. Captain Gordon, of the Palawan, was a most unusual man. He didn't talk about his operation. He spoke of his ship and the sea instead. She was his own. He wouldn't leave her for anything. Not till they set him over the side in canvas with a grate bar at his feet.

He invited them aboard for supper, ordered another Scotch and soda for the men and coffee for the girl. He already knew that that was all she ever drank. Nancy, looking around, saw the tables, empty except their own, and three mates and an engineer against the long, wide bar. It wasn't at all like Louie's place, back home on the Embarcadero in San Francisco. Remembering, though, she smiled.

"John," she said suddenly, "Dr. Wolfson has given me permission to tell you something. I think I will tell it now." Her voice had that husky timbre again. "I told him you wanted to specialise in surgery. He says I am to tell you that if you like, he would be glad to have you associate with him when we get home."

"If—?" Young Crandall's head spun round. "If I would like!"

"Then we ought to get married, John," Nancy said it quickly. She said it without any shame at all. "I told Dr. Wolfson about that, too. He's on my side. We ought to get married right away."

"Nan, you don't mean here? In Manila?"

"That's exactly what I mean. We could have the passage home for a honeymoon. Maybe we'll be lucky this time. Maybe in Honolulu we could really see the moonlight together at Waikiki."

"Nan, it's against all steamship company rules! We'd be—"

"I don't for the life of me see what anybody could do about it, once the Madonia sailed," Dr. Wolfson put in gravely. His eyes were furiously twinkling. "Captain Whitehead," he said, "is a very human man. I know him well. And Captain Gordon here and I, we'll both stand up with you."

"Be honored to, John." The Palawan's skipper gulped some Scotch. "What's more," he said, "I know Manila inside out. In less than half an hour I'll find you a priest or a minister. Any denomination you name."

"You're joking, Nan!" John Crandall said. "Here?" he said, a little dazed. "In Manila?"

Nancy looked over to the bar where four men stood, a Filipino steward in white calmly

polishing glasses. Then the girl looked back at John. He'd remember, all right. "A bet!" she said. She took her wrist-watch off, set it down on the table between them. "Three minutes," she said. "Two different people will order beer. I'll even give you odds. Dr. Wolfson, the skipper, or you don't count. You'd think they were in cahoots. Two others. Three minutes. If it happens, we get married here in Manila. If it doesn't, you win. We won't." She smiled at him. "Bet?"

"Bet," John murmured. He had to. "Time. Now!"

"You made a bad deal, Miss Clifton." The Palawan's master frowned, looking over towards the bar. "I know those men. Josh Clemmings there is the only one drinks beer. I don't think Josh drinks that fast."

The girl said nothing. John Crandall didn't either. They all watched the second hand swinging steadily around. A

minute went by. The second hand was past its second circle before they heard Josh Clemmings rap his glass on the bar-top and the steward drew the beer. Only thirty seconds now were left. Captain Gordon granted. Dr. Wolfson sighed. Ten seconds left. No more. Five now. The girl's blond head shot up.

"Steward!" she cried. "I'll have a beer!"

The skipper of the Palawan let loose a low guffaw. Dr. Wolfson chuckled. Nancy's freckled nose was all wrinkled up. She looked like an impish little girl.

"We'll be married tonight," she said, and the throaty chuckle came. "Dr. Crandall, this time you lose."

"Lose!" John looked at her. "Lose?" he told her quietly. He wasn't grinning at all. "I was worried sick. I was wondering what you were waiting for. I thought you'd never order that second beer!"

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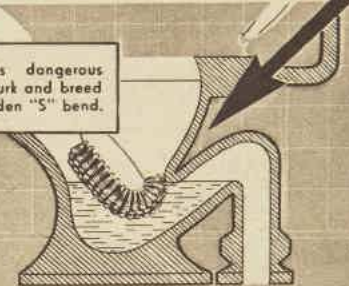
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Continuing . . . Murder Was Her Welcome

from page 19

Julia back with a start. Across the room the two women looked at each other wordlessly for a long moment, and Julia got the full impact of the outside world's reaction from Mrs. Duffy's expression—shock, incredulity, curiosity.

Then Mrs. Duffy stepped in quickly and put her bag on a chair. "Oh, madam! . . . I don't know what to say."

"I know, Mrs. Duffy."

"I saw it over somebody's shoulder . . . in the bus . . . I bought a paper. It's just too terrible to believe."

The talk wove its inevitable pattern of necessary phrases before Mrs. Duffy refilled Julia's cup.

There were few situations that would have stumped Mrs. Duffy's practical commonsense. Unasked, she now took charge. Mr. Wetherby might be dead, but the house was there, Beppi, the Italian gardener, was there, Mrs. Wetherby was very much there, and needing extra attention. At Julia's murmur about engaging more staff, Mrs. Duffy shook her head firmly. Not now, not yet. She could manage quite all right for the present. They didn't want strange girls about the place at a time like this.

As Julia entered her room again the telephone rang. She took up the receiver.

It was Katherine Keller. "Julia, is it true? You'll forgive me asking you, won't you? But Alec tells me that you asked him to go to the Court this morning."

"Yes, Katherine, I did suggest that to him."

Worse than that, which apparently Alec had wisely withheld, she had told him to bring Olive back here afterwards—if her barrister were able to obtain bail—so that they could discuss what she was to do until the inquest and the trial, where she was to stay. Not at that rather superior boarding-house, to be the victim of criticism, at the least, and perhaps open affront. That was if they would let her stay there at all!

Katherine sounded outraged. Her voice was a trumpet of protest. "Oh, Julia! Don't you think that would be most frightfully unwise? To say the very least of it!"

"Well, I don't know . . ."

Julia kept her tone purposely mild. Katherine was apt to become very combative at the slightest opposition. "I only thought somebody should be there with poor Olive."

"Poor Olive! Well! Really! If people go about killing others they surely must take what's coming to them. I'm afraid I'm only thinking of poor Edmund—and poor you—"

a barely concealed afterthought, this—"and what the world will say if you ask Alec to give aid and comfort to your husband's murderer."

"I hardly think it's likely to be known."

"Oh, won't it! Everybody will hear, everybody will talk." Katherine was not to be stopped.

JULIA leant back on the pillows, weary with the battering of the other's aggressive righteousness. Her slender figure seemed to be beaten into the bed's softness, and the long, fringed lashes were a stain on her pale cheeks.

Katherine was ending: "Well, my dear, I'm afraid I feel rather strongly on the subject. I'm quite sure your impulse was nothing but kind. But as Alec's wife . . ."

"All right, Katherine, call it off. Tell Alec I agree. Just as you think. Perhaps I didn't see all the implications of it last night." Julia tapered off her agreement and hung up. She lay for a moment, thinking, then picked up the receiver and dialled Ivan Fitzpatrick's number.

With Katherine's gale in her ears it was like sailing into port after stormy seas to talk to Ivan. His cool: "Yes, Julia, of course. Of course I'll go. Anything I can do to help you. And Olive, too, poor thing. I

know she's got no people here. She'll need someone besides her lawyer."

Ivan was one of the many young men that Pamela and Julia, before her marriage, had danced and surfed and played around with. He had proposed to Julia just before Edmund had, and with little conviction she had refused him.

Ivan hadn't married, and he had been her most devoted and admiring attendant during these six years. She was fond of him, Edmund had liked him, everybody liked him, not too much, Edmund hadn't seemed to be jealous of him.

Almost as she replaced the receiver the bell rang again. It was Pamela this time, and with the intimacy that had never had a check since their early school days, she and Julia talked of the tragedy in its every aspect. Julia told her of Olive's revelation of Edmund's love affair. Pamela declared herself incredulous, casting a doubt on Olive's story. After all, she said, they had only Olive's word for it that that was the cause of the fatal quarrel.

If Olive could work herself up into doing such a violent thing, could it really have been because she was trying to keep Edmund on the straight and narrow path in his marriage? Was there any office crisis involving Olive herself that they'd rowed over? Oh, one couldn't know, of course, but . . . She relayed Trevor's offers of help if Julia needed any, and they would be round this afternoon, she said, as soon as she was free.

Finishing her talk with Pamela, Julia switched the telephone to downstairs for Mrs. Duffy to deal with. Everyone would have read the news by now, and friends would be telephoning with offers of help and offers of sympathy. Lindsay would have read it . . .

Julia had sternly kept Lindsay Barrett's image out of her

mind since last night. She didn't want any future with him to present itself to her just yet. Irrationally, any feeling of guilt about Lindsay had only begun with Edmund's death. With Edmund alive and healthy, she had rather congratulated herself on her righteousness of behaviour.

She got up off her bed and went into the bathroom. There the shock of the morning awaited her.

She had had her bath and was reaching over for her towelling wrap, which she had thrown over the linen basket, when on the floor at the side of the basket, almost behind it, a dark patch against the white floor caught her eye.

It was a pale blue hand towel stiff with dried blood. It had evidently been crumpled up wet and flung at the basket and fallen behind it. It wasn't just a scratch that had stained it but a copious blood flow.

Julia stood staring down at it. Three bewildering facts. What was the connection between them? That there must be one she couldn't doubt. Edmund's refusal to bring her home yesterday, that revolver in his coat pocket downstairs, and now this. Had the revolver been fired? Had there been some wounding up here, some violent accident that had been hushed up?

Her impulse was to hush it up still further, not to leave the towel for Mrs. Duffy to find. Picking it up between two fingers she dropped it into an empty face-tissue box, took it into her room and put it away. Later she would drop it into the incinerator.

Though Julia had been apprehensive all the morning, she was shocked by Olive's appearance when Ivan shepherd her up the steps and into the hall.

Olive was white-faced and silent and there was still that almost imperceptible shivering of her whole body that Julia had noticed last night, the

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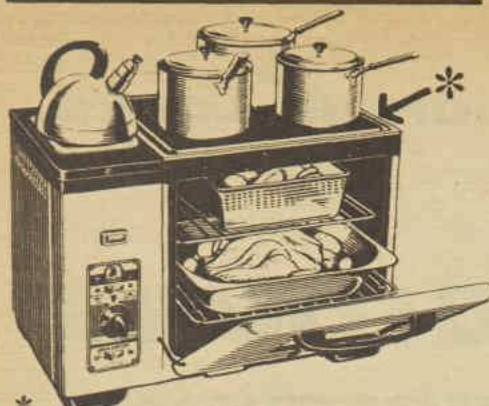
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VULCAN ELECTRIC RANGETTE
AT ALL DEPARTMENT & ELECTRICAL STORES

Continuing . . . Murder Was Her Welcome

from page 50

tremor of the flesh that as children they had called someone walking over your grave.

So voluble last night, Olive had not a word to say today. She took what was given her, sat where she was told, drank the glass of sherry in the music-room and sat at the luncheon table, her eyes on her plate and a pucker as though of surprise on her usually smooth forehead.

Ivan eased the atmosphere at the table with considerable skill, assiduously kept Olive's glass filled with the chill white wine, and talked like a soothing machine, whose hum on a hot afternoon induces drowsiness.

Once or twice, catching Julia's eye, the lines beside his broad flexible mouth drew themselves down in self-mockery, as though to say, "I'm ready to be even a bore for your sake"; and Julia shot him a glance of gratitude.

The room was cool and dimmed against the midday glare. Mrs. Duffy served them with something of the air of a hospital nurse. Doves murmured in melancholy sympathy in the pittosporum outside the windows. Time ebbed, carrying one more painful hour into the past.

With relief, Julia got up and led the way back to the music-room for coffee. But before Olive could lift the cup to her lips she fell asleep. Stretched out like someone never to wake again, she lay on a sofa rejecting in sleep, it seemed, all that had happened last night and this morning.

Ivan took up the tray and tip-toed with it into the drawing-room opposite. There he told Julia of the proceedings in the magistrate's court. They had seemed extraordinarily brief to him, almost perfunctory, but that was due, of course, to Olive's statement to the police last night. Bail had been granted nisi, and the date of the coroner's inquiry had been fixed.

Glancing at his watch, Ivan swallowed down his coffee,

said he must fly but would look in again before dinner to see if there was anything they needed.

Julia went to the door with him. "You're a comfort, Ivan."

"I try to be—in my fashion."

She watched his angular figure hurry down the drive.

Olive slept . . . slept . . . Some hours later it was that she woke to see the inspector, the sergeant, and a constable entering the room behind Julia. On Julia's face was the look of someone who has been dealt a boon with one hand and a stunning blow with the other.

No wonder Julia was speechless with amazement at what the detectives had come to say. No wonder Olive, awakened out of her sleep, sat up staring, her face going first scarlet and then an improbable white. She struggled off the sofa and almost groped her way to Julia.

She cried: "I didn't kill him! Julia, I didn't do it. It wasn't me!" Her voice shrilled out with such a triumphant ring that one might have thought the police had brought news of Edmund's having in some miraculous way come to life again.

What Grogan had in fact come to tell them was that Ed-

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

mund had not died from the blow to which Olive last night had confessed, but from a sizeable dose of potassium cyanide administered in brandy. He told them that last night he had thought that the appearance of the deceased hadn't been consistent with death from a skull injury, and today the post mortem had revealed the facts.

The injury on the temple dealt him with the telephone receiver had been a fairly superficial one, hardly enough, in the medical opinion, to have

caused him to lose consciousness. But on that point no one could speak with any sureness, because that was largely a matter of nerves. People could pass out briefly from shock.

"Yes, oh, yes!" Olive cried, grasping at this with a kind of rapture. "Yes, oh, yes. It was a shock to him. A hideous shock. In all our years together there'd never been a word, a hint of unpleasantness. I—myself—I nearly fainted when I realised that I'd struck him and saw him actually slump forward over the desk."

"Yeah," Manning said, looking at her sardonically. In no time at all, he thought, it'd only be a tap that should've given the bloke a good laugh!

HE looked from her to Julia, where they stood side by side. One dark, the other fair, one crumpled, the other fresh as a daisy. As thick as thieves! So useful to each other that a little thing like murder wouldn't come between 'em! That status quo at any price, eh? he thought sourly.

A silence fell on the room as Olive's excited voice stopped. "Cyanide paralyses the heart muscles," the inspector told them, "and death is practically instantaneous. With the smell of it, the wonder is—always has been—how anyone'll take it from another hand. But in this case he was already groggy from being stunned like, and no doubt glad to toss down a nip of neat brandy."

All this time Julia hadn't spoken. She had stood frozen, hearing the inspector's smooth voice with its faintly Irish intonation, a smoothness that gave the most monstrous fact a slight push towards acceptance. Last night, even though Edmund's death had been horrible, though the shock of it had set her world reeling, the intention to murder had

been lacking. A misadventure, "a ghastly accident," as Alec had so forgivingly kept calling it. But this that was now being revealed—

She walked over to the piano and leant on it, turned back, seeing them afresh, the dark-clad detectives and Olive's dishevelled slenderness in her light dress; seeing them down the length of the room with its gleaming dark parquet, its ivory-linen curtains and covers and restful lack of pattern or color. A harmony of light and shade. No flowers, no pictures, nothing to distract the mind from music . . .

Nothing to distract the mind from murder. Ruthless, deliberate murder. The picture—with the chief actor a faceless form without name or sex or age—began to build itself up.

Olive was making its outlines clearer. She was saying, facing Grogan with eager eyes and lips: "You mean, there was a third person up there while he and I were having our quarrel? They could have heard it. They must've heard it. The door from Mr. Wetherby's room into the outer office was open. Yes . . . yes, it was ajar, anyhow. And there was no light on in there, was there, Julia? Was there?" Her eager face turned swiftly for corroboration.

"No, none when I ran through."

"Someone must've been hiding there, must've come up while I was in talking to him, listened, waited, seen me rush out, and then gone in. Isn't that so?"

Grogan nodded slowly. "Oh, they could've been."

"They must've been. It's inescapable. That big filing cabinet—how easily anyone could've hidden behind that!"

"Yes. Plenty of cover in that big room, with half-a-dozen desks and chairs."

Julia nodded, too. In her mind's eye she saw again the deserted outer office, the pushed-in chairs, the stilled

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Continuing . . . Murder Was Her Welcome

typewriters. A place of shadows lit only by a narrow shaft from Edmund's door. And in those shadows this "someone" waiting—having done their work—seeing her rush in, seeing Olive come back, and then knowing herself safe, slipping down the stairs and away.

"You see, it was nearly half-past seven," Olive reminded them. "All the offices on our floor were shut. All the offices in the building, as far as one knows. So no one could've been seen coming or going. Only the automatic lift is used at night, or the stairway."

Suddenly Julia said harshly: "Then it was someone determined to murder my husband, who went up there ready armed. How could they have got this stuff, this cyanide?"

"There wouldn't be a lot of difficulty about that, Mrs. Wetherby," Grogan said. "If you've ever stayed in the country, up on a sheep station for instance, you can see tins of it, for rabbits and that, lying around the shed."

"Oh, it was planned, it was planned!" Olive cried, quivering at each new aspect, turning to each speaker with waiting lips and eyes. "And the quarrel they heard going on between him and me was lucky for them but not necessary. If they'd found him alone, as they must've expected to, just waiting for Mrs. Wetherby, they could have said whatever they had to say, suggested a drink together, taken out the flask of brandy . . ."

Grogan said: "Taken out a flask. Yes . . . Now look, Miss Lockwood, when you thought he'd fainted you had to run out to get a drop of something, leaving him lying there unconscious. That's funny, isn't it? Him not having anything there. I mean, most business gentlemen keep a bottle of something in their office, whisky or gin to offer a drink to a friend or a client."

"Oh, yes, I know, Mr. Wetherby used to, too. But

two or three months ago some doctor he met told him that alcohol would help to put up his blood pressure, and he said to me, 'Well, for a start, no more of the stuff in the office, Olive. Don't order it or let me have it around. It's too easy.' I said, 'Oh, Mr. Wetherby, you'd never drink too much.'

"No," he said, 'but you know how it is. A quick one before lunch—or two, even—when a sherry at the hotel or restaurant is all you need. If I've got to cut down on the grog I'll certainly reserve it for worthwhile occasions.' So of course I didn't get any more



"Did you ever think what kind of a fish dinner you could get for £15?"

in, and when I came to need it—Oh, I should've had a little put away in my own desk for emergency. But you can't think of everything."

"No, that's right, you can't think of everything," Grogan agreed.

Julia was thinking how strange it was that Edmund had never mentioned any of this to her, his wife. It was Olive in whom he had confided; Olive who had been really closest to him. Eyes fixed on the opposite wall, she thought of Olive's twelve years with him to her own six . . . twelve years of close day-by-day intimacy, that yet, she thought, had in it no sex to

from page 52

raise complexities or antagonisms.

All beginning when the pretty little junior was only eighteen and so eager to be moulded. And now that strained, tortured look on Olive's face, the cheekbones more marked, as though the horror of that one night had melted the flesh off them—she felt bitterly sorry for her . . . the widowed Olive.

As though guessing the trend of her thoughts, Grogan was saying: "Did your husband happen to mention to you, Mrs. Wetherby, that he'd been told to go easy on the alcohol?"

She brought her eyes back from the wall to the smooth, plump-jowled face of the inspector. His eyes were clear and his glance genial. Nothing to be afraid of. If you had nothing to be afraid of!

Slowly she answered the inspector's question: "No, No, he didn't. But he mightn't have done so of course. He might've thought it would've given me some anxiety about his health."

"Did you notice any change in his drinking habits, then, at parties or dinners, say?"

"Well, as Miss Lockwood says, he was never a heavy drinker. He just liked it in a convivial way. And anyhow, I've been away for two months. He'd hardly have bothered to write about it to me."

"That's true, isn't it?"

He then turned back to Olive. "Look now," he said, "there's one odd thing that's got us guessing."

"Yes?" all eagerness to be of help.

"This cheque that'd been torn into little bits and then pieced together on his blotter."

"A cheque? What cheque?"

"Well, that's just it. It was a blank cheque form. Didn't you notice it when you went into his room? This jigsaw puzzle laid out there and the blotter pushed aside?"

"No, I didn't see it at all. Of course, I was so agitated

at what I'd come in to say. A blank cheque form?"

"That's right."

"But—what on earth? Did you have it fingerprinted?"

"We did. Only his own prints. Some of the bits were missing, but it'd been laid out in quite a neat little display."

"Well! . . . At all events the bank will be able to tell you whose cheque book it came from—the serial number, I mean—won't they?"

"That's the cussedness of it. The bit with the number on it was one of the missing bits."

"What bank was it?"

"The Bank of New South Wales."

"That was Mr. Wetherby's bank."

"So I saw. What's yours?"

She gave a rueful smile. "What there is of my money is kindly looked after by the Commonwealth Bank."

"Yes. I see. Well, now, look," he said again. "Why would anyone go up there expecting to find Mr. Wetherby in his office at seven-thirty? You said last night, Miss Lockwood, that he was never there at that hour."

"No, never. There was nothing to take him there."

"What reason did your husband give you," he asked Julia, "for not going with you to this—welcome home, didn't you call it?—at his cousin's house?"

Julia rubbed her cigarette round and round in the ash-tray. "He didn't say. He was rather vague," she answered slowly. "He drove me there . . . and then just said he was going to his office, he hadn't been there all day, and for me to call for him there."

Oh, but it hadn't been vague! Edmund's face had looked curiously hard as he'd sat in the car and said he was going to the office.

Grogan asked her: "What did he do all day yesterday, then? Would you try and recall if there was anything out of the usual?"

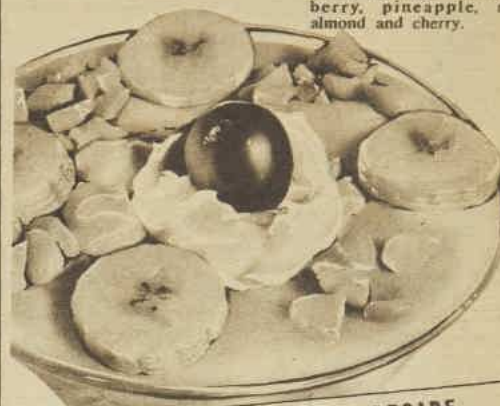
She thought back. "No,

To page 55

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Sleek ARNHEM BLACK
with striking Red trim

nothing that I can remember . . . When we got to the hotel we talked . . . he went out for a while before lunch . . . and came back. We lunched there, and soon afterwards I went in to have a bath . . . I heard him on the telephone in the sitting-room."

"Do you know who to?"
"No, I don't. He came into my bedroom and said he had to go out for half an hour to meet someone at Ushers Hotel."

"Someone?"
"Yes. He didn't say who. I took it for granted it was to meet some man on a business matter."

"And when he got back?"
"Well . . . no."

"When you got to Mr. Keller's house now, without him, were there many inquiries for him?"

"Yes, everyone naturally asked me where he was."

"And you told them, eh?"

"Yes, I said he'd had to go into his office and that I was calling for him there at half-past seven."

"How many people were there at this party?"

"Oh . . . it wasn't a big affair, twenty or thirty."

"Old friends, like?"

"Mostly."

"This Mr. Keller that came along last night, he'd be able to give us a better idea, wouldn't he, or his wife?"

Julia drew in her breath sharply. She lifted her head and stared at him. "But you're surely not suggesting . . ."

"It's got to be somebody that knew he was there, hasn't it?" he said cheerfully. "Somebody doesn't go straying up to see a businessman—just on chance—at seven-thirty—with a bottle of cyanide in their pocket. Right, aren't I?"

"Of course, yes, but perhaps my husband had made an appointment with someone."

Continuing . . . Murder Was Her Welcome

[from page 53]

"Then why didn't he tell his secretary? Or if it was a private meeting, get rid of her when he found her there? What time did this party end?"

"I don't know, exactly. I left just before seven."

"Where'd you go then?"

"I drove back to the hotel and had a little rest. We were going out to dinner. It'd been rather a long day. One doesn't sleep very well in a plane."

She broke off abruptly. Careful! she warned herself. It sounded in her own ears as

been an afterthought, a trifle that could hardly interest her or himself, he dropped a statement like a bomb into the interrogation that had seemed to Julia just then to be mercifully ending.

When Grogan took an envelope out of his pocket it was, for Julia, an almost terrifying moment. She hadn't thought of that letter since last night. Now everything to do with it came back.

Laughingly, in the hotel lounge, she had rejected it when Lindsay tried to give it

she would have told, and perhaps Edmund would have said: "Nice, is he? Ask him in for a drink." So through Edmund, through this letter so punctiliously discreet, a small part of her resistance might have been broken down. That was how Lindsay must have reasoned.

She put the letter back in the envelope and dropped it on a table near. Briefly, she told the inspector that Mr. Barrett was an acquaintance whom she met at a friend's house in London shortly before leaving, and that they had happened to be on the same plane. Yesterday evening she had met him in the lounge of the hotel and he had been on the point of posting this letter to her, that he had given it to her and that she had had it in her hand when she ran upstairs and found her husband dead.

She had thrown her things down on his desk, bag, gloves, and the letter, and when they had gone into Miss Lockwood's room to wait for the police she had gathered up bag and gloves, but in the shock of it all hadn't given the letter another thought.

"This gentleman was stopping at the same hotel, was he?" Grogan inquired.

"For a few nights, I believe, till his friends returned to Sydney."

"You left him in the lounge?"

"No, we were both about to leave, and we shared a taxi. I got out at the office and he took a taxi on to the Quay. He was going, he said, to see some friends in Neutral Bay."

"What time was this exactly, would you say?"

"It was twenty-past seven."

"When you got into the taxi?"

"Yes."

"Two minutes round to the office, say. Miss Lockwood says now that she went in to beard your husband about this affair at seven-twenty and that it was exactly half-past seven when she ran down and met you at the foot of the stairs. Isn't that what you said, Miss Lockwood?"

Olive looked up with an expressionless stare. Until spoken to, she had been sitting hunched forward, head bent, her eyes on the floor. She answered: "Yes. Half-past seven."

"You didn't go right upstairs then, Mrs. Wetherby? Did you stay talking with this Mr. Barrett?"

"No. I left him and went straight into the building. I thought my husband would be down any minute, so I just waited."

"Instead of going up to tell him you'd arrived?"

"Yes. I thought if he had any special business he'd gone there to see to, I'd only be disturbing him if I went up too soon. Then—it didn't seem like eight minutes, but I suppose it was—I heard Miss Lockwood running down."

"And during that time you didn't see anyone at all come into the building and go up to the first floor?"

"No, no one."

Manning gave her a long, disparaging stare. "Funny, while you were hangin' around there below that you didn't open that letter and have a read of it."

Coolly she returned the stare. "I didn't think to. I must've been holding it in my hand with my purse, but I never gave it a thought."

"You didn't?"

"No."

"No," the sergeant said on a downward note.

Mrs. Duffy, interviewed a

few minutes later, was in the pantry rubbing up silver, setting out glasses, with that zest of hers that made her not only able but almost eager to do the work of three servants as well as her own.

She looked up from her quite unnecessary labor with the chamois leather and the tray and said briskly: "Good afternoon."

Grogan came right in, stood by the table, and opened up confidentially, bringing her up to date on the latest features of the "sad tragedy." They communed, they speculated, they were at one in every expression of horror at the deed.

He wound up, when the head shakes and dismay were petering out: "Yes, my word, you're right; it was a brutal crime. A man like that with all that money to leave. They tell me he must've been worth over a quarter of a million."

"Was he? I wouldn't know

that, of course. But there—what's the use of it to him now?"

"True. True. That's right, too. Now, look, Mrs. Duffy, we have information that Mr. Wetherby used to bring a lady friend here while his wife was away in England."

"I beg your pardon!" She didn't drop the dish of salted almonds, but only just.

"Well, that's what I've been informed."

"I'd like to know who by?"

"On very good evidence, and I was wondering if maybe you—well, ever saw any signs of it?"

Her reply was as though shot from a gun: "No, never."

"What I mean is, if two people have had a bit of dinner together, or supper, say, they usually leave a couple of plates or wine glasses? . . ."

He paused suggestively.

"Never," she said again.

"When I came in the morning, the kitchen and pantry were

To page 61



"Okay, okay—we'll get an air-conditioner."

though she were excusing her return to the hotel. And why? Because she had gone back there to think of Lindsay. And had met him . . .

The inspector agreed that yes, those nights in the air were quite a little bit of a strain, took it out of you. He strolled about the room for a minute, admired the garden, lifted the lid of the piano, and observed the maker's name. Then, almost as though it had

to her. In the taxi, in that swift two minutes' drive to the office, he had said obstinately:

"Come on, it won't bite you. I mean to see you sometimes, Julia. I didn't mean to be dismissed utterly. I promise you I've no intention of becoming a tiresome beggar for your favors," and he had dropped the letter into her lap.

Glancing at it now, she saw that it had been opened.

The irony of it! How strong she had been since meeting Lindsay! So long-sighted, thinking really only of his future, of his career in this new job; trying to save him the unhappiness of a love affair with a married woman.

For the first time, she realised, she had loved someone better than herself, and had been ready for his sake to forgo the pleasure of seeing him occasionally. No involvement for him, she had said, in a possible divorce. Instead—this! What was in that letter? What had he written?

Smugly, the inspector tapped it, as he told her—what she knew—that it had been lying on her husband's desk near the blotter, that all her husband's correspondence and papers had been gone through, and would she care to say how this had got there and who this Mr. Lindsay Barrett was?

She said: "Oh, yes," and held out her hand.

With every ounce of composure that she could call up, she drew the letter out of its envelope and ran her eyes over the page. Relief took her when she saw that there was nothing that anyone could fasten on; only a dozen lines to say what a nice trip it had been and how he hoped they would run across each other again some time before long.

She needn't have had that moment's panic. Of course, the letter was addressed to her here, at her own house, where she might have been expected to open it in Edmund's presence. Why Lindsay had bothered to write it at all—ah! that was another question.

She understood the impulse that had moved him; to keep in touch with her on any pretext, however trifling; thinking that in the morning, at breakfast perhaps, she would have read this letter, maybe said: "A young man I met in London"; and, "Who is he?" and

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☆ Two Broadway actors of widely different talents have been hurried by Hollywood into their follow-up films.



● ANDY GRIFFITH'S open, friendly face and birds-nest hair will be seen first in the Warner comedy "No Time for Sergeants." He scored a tremendous success in the Broadway production. So pleased is the studio with its new young "hayseed hero" that it has pushed forward plans for the filming of "Onionhead," a hilarious account of Coast Guard life in which Griffith will star. He is 31, and has been married to his wife, Barbara, for eight years.



● PAUL NEWMAN, a graduate of the Yale School of Drama, had been playing on Broadway in "Picnic" when he was selected for the role of Rocky Graziano in "Somebody Up There Likes Me." Since then he has been in "The Silver Chalice," and will next be seen in Warners' "The Helen Morgan Story," with "The Left-handed Gun" to follow. Newman, who is 32, with his strong yet sensitive face, fills Hollywood's need for new romantic leads.

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1 ABOVE. Jibes of fellow train passengers show Lindbergh, whose mail-plane has crashed, that the public has little confidence in the future of aviation.



2 LEFT. Resolving to try for the prize offered for the first New York-Paris non-stop flight, Lindbergh seeks finance from a group of St. Louis businessmen.



3 FAILURE to get a plane sends Lindbergh to an obscure company which agrees to work a seven-day week to build one in time. Two other entrants have been killed making trial flights.

4 REFUSING to heed his backers' warning that the flight is too dangerous, Lindbergh proceeds with his plans, though the plane will have no radio, and he will have to make blind landing.



5 WATCHED by an anxious crowd, Lindbergh ignores unfavorable weather reports and decides to risk a take-off on a sodden field, though uncertain whether the plane will clear runway.



6 ABOVE. Crossing the Atlantic Lindbergh has to fight against the desire for sleep. Once, when the wings become iced, it seems he must ditch.

7 LEFT. An exhausted Lindbergh is lifted from The Spirit of St. Louis' cockpit by excited crowd gathered to greet him at the Paris airport.

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New Film Releases

*** A HATFUL OF RAIN

Fox drama, with Don Murray, Eva Marie Saint, Anthony Franciosa, Lloyd Nolan, Mayfair, Sydney.

VOITED the best entry by critics at the recent Venice Festival, this film examines the tragedy of the drug addict with chilling realism.

A shade less clinical than the other film on the same subject (Sinatra's "Man with the Golden Arm"), this has a greater human impact because the central figure is not alone, but is shown in relation to a family group.

Don Murray is the young husband and Korean war hero who, after a long period in hospital, gets into the hands of dope peddlars, managing to conceal his addiction from his pregnant wife.

Eva Marie Saint, a little tiresomely mannered in the early stages, infuses this role with a heart-rending simplicity and sincerity.

Franciosa, in love with Eva Marie, shares their small apartment and stands by his brother Murray.

This difficult and complex role, handled with the greatest insight, won Franciosa the Venice Festival award for the actor of the year.

As the complacent father, seeing in his sons only the reflected image of himself, Nolan acts with maturity and intelligence.

Shattering in its subject matter, the film earns its grading for its mature honesty and its considered, deeply felt performance.

In a word: GRIM.

★ THE SEVENTH SIN

M.G.M. Eastern drama, with Eleanor Parker, George Sanders, Bill Travers, Jean Pierre Aumont. Liberty, Sydney.

IT'S to be hoped no sadistic friend ever takes poor Somerset Maugham to see this screen melodrama based on one of his stories. The unfortunate man would die of shame.

Eleanor Parker is the idle and unhappy Hongkong wife who drifts into a love affair with French businessman Aumont, and is discovered by

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average

her gloomy doctor husband.

When Aumont shows a disinclination to break up his home and marry her, Eleanor has no alternative but to go with her husband (Travers) to a country village in the grip of a cholera epidemic—this being the unattractive doctor's idea of revenge.

Next thing you know, Eleanor, a changed (or partly changed) girl, is working with a will helping the nuns, while Travers, still gloomy but bound to come out of it, is earning himself a hero's reputation by getting the epidemic under control.

The role of Cupid to this lethally inclined couple is played by none other than George Sanders, for whose urbane and drink-swilling presence Mr. Maugham should be deeply grateful.

Noted French actress Francoise Rosay takes the film's feminine acting honors as the wise Mother Superior.

In a word: TRITE.

★ JACQUELINE

Rank Organisation domestic drama, with John Gregson, Kathleen Ryan, Jacqueline Ryan. Lyceum, Sydney.

IT'S difficult to know just what was the original intention of this little film with an Irish accent.

Discernible behind its bid for popular sentimental appeal is the skeleton of an artistic intent evidently tossed into the Rank wastepaper-basket sometime during the film's making. Liam O'Flaherty has at some time had a hand in the script.

In the person of straight-haired Jacqueline Ryan, whose mother was an Abbey Theatre actress, the film has a fresh and appealing child star.

A somewhat gross John Gregson, all Irish whisky and Irish charm, is the father of the loyal and adoring Jacqueline, who stoutly refuses to see him as anything but her hero.

When he loses his job in



THE ITALIAN LOOK. On location in Italy to make "Raid Wind in Eden," swim star Esther Williams proves that an all-American girl can look just as alluring as the Italian sirens if she puts her mind to it.

the shipbuilding yard, goes on another bender, and is in danger of losing his long-suffering wife as well, Jacqueline comes to the rescue.

As the wife, Kathleen Ryan, an Irish actress of some reputation, is overshadowed by the strong gallery of Belfast slum characters who are her neighbors.

In a word: SENTIMENTAL.

★ WICKED AS THEY COME

Columbia drama, with Arlene Dahl, Phil Carey, Herbert Marshall. Victory, Sydney.

IF you're feeling in the mood to get away from the troubles of everyday life, seeing this highly unreal story of the rise and fall of a beautiful adventuress might be as good a way as any other.

Winning a beauty contest gives Arlene a means of break-

ing out of her early slum environment with a lavish wardrobe and a plane ticket to London.

And does that girl learn fast! Crossing the Atlantic she disposes of the attentions of unworthwhile males with the hauteur of a duchess, and by the time she checks in at the Mayfair Ritz she is handling things as to the manner born.

A nearly achieved marriage to wealthy Herbert Marshall provides her with a stepping-stone to a real marriage with still richer Ralph Truman. But one of the men trampled underfoot on her ambitious way turns nasty and threatens to murder her.

Mistaking her elderly husband for the discarded fiancé seeking revenge, she shoots him, is tried, and found guilty.

The intervention of Phil Carey, the nice young man she brushed off in the plane, saves Arlene from a fate many think she well deserves.

In a word: ESCAPIST.

Overseas movie gossip

Film colony fights back

From HOLLYWOOD

AFTER an emergency meeting held behind closed doors, actor Ronald Reagan has been selected by the Motion Picture Industry Council to head the eight-man committee appointed to guard Hollywood against further lurid magazine stories of the "Confidential" type.

Many in Hollywood believe that the watchdog functions of the committee will lead to an arrangement whereby the stars are asked to obey a code of behaviour drawn up for their protection.

The real weakness of this scheme lies in the difficulty of enforcing disciplinary action against stars who break the code. A period of suspension

from film work is mentioned as being the most effective deterrent.

THE passing years haven't done much to tame fiery and uninhibited Rita Hayworth. The other night at Hollywood's L'Escoffier nightclub she tossed a glass of water at her current boy-friend and host, Jim Hill.



A BUSINESSMAN these days, though still with the urge to act, former child star Jackie Coogan, now 43, meets his third wife, Dodie, and little Leslie for lunch in town.

exactly as I'd left them the day before."

"Never a cup or a cloth out of place, eh? A woman in a kitchen is pretty quick to see, I will say. I know my wife. If I so much as put me nose in the kitchen she's bound to say afterwards I've messed things up."

Leaning on a chair-back, he laughed indulgently, presenting her with a picture of himself not as a tough detective tracking down a criminal, but as a jovial married man snug in domesticity.

"I never saw a sign of anything," she repeated steadily, throwing open the refrigerator and busying herself there.

"Well, that's funny now. Don't you reckon that tells a tale in itself?"

"I don't see..." She turned back and looked at him with waiting caution.

"Don't you? I reckon you do. Look at it this way." He leant a little closer. "If Mr. Wetherby had been alone here at night he'd naturally have had a snack or a drink sometimes and left a few oddments for you to wash up next day. But," he said, emphasising the point with an easily wagging forefinger, "but being up to something with a girl—having that snack or drink with her—he took mighty good care not to leave the smallest thing around for you to put two and two together with. Right, aren't I?"

"Well... well." She looked about her as though asking an answer from the snowy tiles, the glittering glass cupboards of silver and china.

Continuing . . . Murder Was Her Welcome

from page 55

"That's how I see it, anyhow. And the lady'd be equally careful, wouldn't she?" he inquired. "Up in the bedroom, for instance. Did you never see a bit of powder spilt? Something like that?"

Mrs. Duffy put up a hand and gestured a negative, fending off this idea, this vulgar story.

"Right," he said, "you didn't. What have your hours of work been here during the last two months?"

"Four days a week I came. From Tuesday to Friday. I got here at half-past eight and gave Mr. Wetherby his breakfast. He'd go off to his office a bit before ten, and I'd do what there was to do and leave—well, sometimes at one, sometimes at two. He went up to his sister's place, Meryton, regularly Friday afternoons and only came down on the Monday morning to go straight to his office. So I never came on the Monday."

He nodded thoughtfully. "Easy, eh?"

"Yes... es. Of course, I was promised the full two months' holiday at first, to stop with my sister at Bondi. Then Mr. Wetherby came to me and said I knew how he felt about stopping in hotels or his club and would I help him out this way. With taxi on him each day, I must admit. Of course I said yes."

"And the two months was up yesterday, was it?"

"Not quite. Mrs. Wetherby

was really due back next Monday, but Mr. Wetherby phoned me to say she was getting a plane a week earlier."

"Why was that, I wonder? At his request, do you know?"

Mrs. Duffy's glance rebuked him. "Quite the reverse. He wouldn't wish to spoil her holiday. In fact he said he thought it was a pity her cutting it short like that."

"I see." He looked out the window over the back garden, where in the late sun a black-browed young Italian was hoeing a patch of french beans. Changed her plans... took a seat on an earlier plane... on which this feller Barrett had "happened" to be flying...

"Anyhow, I told Mr. Wetherby," Mrs. Duffy was saying, "that it'd be quite all right for me and that I'd come home for good yesterday morning."

GROGAN looked back at her. "But you didn't, eh?"

"What?"

He pointed to an empty cardboard box on the table that bore the name of a Bondi patisserie. "That cream-and-chocolate sweet affair I saw in the refrigerator just now. It came out of this box, didn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll lay a tanner you never brought it from Bondi earlier than this morning."

"You're certainly noticing, sir," she gave him. "Not that I'd ever buy this sort of thing, but I knew I wouldn't have a minute today to make anything."

"Why didn't you come home yesterday, even if they were stopping the night at a hotel, to get things ready like?"

An expression of something close to puzzlement crossed Mrs. Duffy's plump, highly colored face. "Yes... that's what I thought myself when I got the message from him. I said I didn't mind staying alone here for the one night, but they made it quite clear that Mr. Wetherby particularly didn't want me to come till this morning."

"What time did you get this message?"

"Eight-thirty. I was just about to leave my sister's house. It was the steward at his club where he was breakfasting that phoned me."

Grogan took his leave of Mrs. Duffy and went upstairs to Edmund's dressing-room, where the search was proceeding among the dead man's possessions for any scrap of evidence that could point to the unknown lover—or the unknown enemy—of these past two months.

With the laudable intention, clearly stated in each case, of offering help or comfort to Julia, quite a number of callers arrived at the house before dinner that evening.

Olivia had gone upstairs to rest. Julia had gone up with her and put sheets on the bed in the guestroom while Olivia unpacked the few things she had with her.

Shaking and flapping a sheet into place, Julia looked across at her. "If you want another dress or anything, Olive, do go to my room and borrow whatever you like. I'll go to your room tomorrow and bring you back some clothes."

"Thank you, Julia. I would like to change into something else." She went across and came back in a minute with a black dress over her arm. "Is this all right?... and some underclothes, I took." She threw them down and dropped into a chair by the window.

The radiant five o'clock light poured in and gilded the room, turned the coin-spot lilac walls bluish-pink, gave everything a

gaiety so at variance with Olivia's distracted expression.

Sinking her head in her hands, she said: "The muddle... the confusion! What's next?... I don't know. Last night I thought I'd be spending the rest of my life in gaol. Now I have to plan... now I have to think."

"Don't think yet, let be for the moment."

"But my thoughts go round and round. To take another job, work for anyone but Edmund—I couldn't do it, Julia. I can't do it!"

It was the first time Julia had heard Olivia speak of him as Edmund. She hesitated a moment and then said: "Anyhow, it may make things a bit easier for you if I tell you something."

Olivia looked up. "What?"

"You'll know in a few days, in any case. Edmund was adding some bequests to his will not long ago, and he told me he was leaving you five thousand pounds and his fishing cottage on Anchor Beach. I thought if you knew that, you wouldn't feel you had to rush into another job before you'd recovered from the shock."

Olivia stared at her vacantly, nodded. The dimness of her response might have meant that the news just imparted wasn't news to her, or it might have meant that even a handsome legacy was unable to ameliorate the present situation.

Julia finished her bed making, patted the pillows into place. "Well... have a rest and change and then come down for a drink."

Leaving Olivia still motionless by the window, Julia went out. She moved with almost stealthy tread across the landing, seeing through the open door of Edmund's dressing-room the detectives still in there. She saw open drawers, and wardrobe doors gaping, a bureau with papers spilling out of it.

Edmund's room, usually so orderly, with a rather heavier note of luxury than elsewhere in the house, as was Edmund's taste. Dark blue velvet curtains and carpet, and handsome old mahogany pieces; Baxter prints on the walls; some framed photographs, one of herself, and horses he had owned; and an enlarged snapshot in a silver frame of him and Katherine taken up country before either was married. Katherine looking girlish in jodhpurs and shirt, gazing up admiringly at the handsome young man beside her...

JULIA stopped a moment at the window on the landing and looked out, but for once she didn't see the garden. For it had suddenly come to her that Katherine was a very attractive looking woman.

Yesterday, in that dark carnation-red dress, with that heavy gold necklace. The slim girl in the photograph had changed little in the twenty-odd years. The face was sharper, but she had a youthful poise of the head, fine eyes that could on occasion—like it or not—flash fire. That temper of hers suggested temperament.

Katherine!

Could Katherine be the unknown woman, Edmund's fancy? Could it be possible? He had always admired her, they had always seemed rather close. He liked down-to-earth practical women like Katherine. And without doubt she had flattered him, made much of him in every way. They were the same age.

Perhaps when they had both been young he had been attracted by her in that way,

own? ... Pamela, so gay, so feline, so experienced.

There at the landing window Julia stood, slim as a finger of light in her dress of creamy white. White... Olive had chosen to wear black.

Olivia. Olive? ...

Oh, no, not Olive! Edmund had always treated her with such off-handed friendliness, not hesitating to make use of her on any occasion, calling on her help for this or that. "Ask Olive—she'll see to it." Year after year Olive had been, perhaps, the most necessary person in his life, but had he ever thought of her in terms of love?

But supposing Olive, at thirty, had begun to show that she wanted something more of him, and Edmund, amazed, had suddenly seen her as ready to give herself to him as gladly and freely as she had given her brains and energy to his business? Olive—in a kind of wild desperation—"I've loved you all these years, Edmund... all these years of dry office routine, waiting for this."

Afterwards had Olive built up a fantasy in which she was no longer his wife's understudy but his wife? And in the office last night had Edmund disillusioned her? How clever if Olive had manufactured the story of another woman to provide herself with such a forgivable motive for losing her temper with him!

But the black nylon slip? It had been in her office drawer, and she couldn't have known that she was going to

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Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear... or cut out ready to make.



The material is check gingham, obtainable in red and white, lemon and white, lilac and white, pink and white, black and white, and brown and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 72/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 75/9. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 43/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 45/6. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

Pretty summer one-piece dress designed with an Empire-line bodice top, gathered skirt, and white accent.

Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 63. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 145 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 25, 1957

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Corn soaks up more of the sun's goodness than any other grain. That's why corn tastes best. That's why corn is best. And that's why Kellogg's Corn Flakes are the most tempting and the most *sustaining* breakfast you could ever serve! Each big crisp, golden flake is packed with richer, deeper flavour... crammed with the kind of lasting energy every member of your family needs day after day. In fact, scientists say that one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar gives the same energy as two big helpings of bacon and tomatoes.

Memo to Mothers: If anyone needs a sustaining breakfast, it's *you*! So — make those crunchy Kellogg's Corn Flakes your steady breakfast date, too.



Kellogg's **CORN FLAKES**

hit him and would need it as evidence of the other woman. No... but? In that interval between his death and the arrival of the police, Olive, Julia recalled, had gone into the typists' washroom and vomited. She had come back looking green-and-white. Had she, while in there, stepped out of that black slip and pushed it into the drawer?

She would have needed to think quickly to think out all that! No difficult feat for Olive. Edmund had often spoken of the speed and subtlety of her thinking in any matter he discussed with her.

With an effort Julia broke off this damaging train of thought. Why did Edmund's going off the rails need to have been with someone in their own circle? Why shouldn't it have been with someone she hardly knew or didn't know at all?

Edmund was over forty, and it was commonplace that men of that age were liable to cast about for fun and adventure. The attraction of real youth—how understandable! The sheen, the freshness, the bloom of someone like—like Baba Carroll.

Baba?

That Sunday morning about three months ago when Pamela had first brought her and Sam in here for a drink. Hadn't Edmund eyed Barbara rather interestedly? What man wouldn't? A delectable sweet-meat to make any man's mouth water. Only twenty-two... Sam's possessive madness about her was part of her build-up. No need to strain the imagination to see her with Edmund... the creamy pearl. Her smile... her willing, dreamy acceptance... giving mindless forgetfulness.

Stop! Stop! this was fantastic. It couldn't matter now who it was, since there wasn't the faintest reason to suppose that the woman Edmund had loved had had any hand in his death.

No. But what about some man attached to that woman?

Also there was a feeling of guilt at not feeling more grief for Edmund. There was fear,

too, that some small thing she might say or do would set the police off on a totally wrong track.

Or a totally right one...

That revolver in his overcoat pocket, that towel dyed with blood, why hadn't she spoken of them to the inspector? Because they had seemed to bring murder right here under her own roof, and she knew that she was childishly trying to confine it to that office room, to the impersonal desk and chairs, to the world of business with its cut-throat competition and rivalries.

As she reached the foot of the stairs, Mrs. Duffy was crossing the hall.

"Mrs. Duffy," Julia said. "Yes, Mrs. Wetherby?"

"The rug in my bedroom, the one by the dressing-table. What's become of it?"

"Oh, yes, madam, I meant to speak about that. I missed it this morning."

"You don't know where it is?"

"No, I thought Mr. Wetherby must have done something with it. It was there last Friday morning, the last time I was here."

"It isn't anywhere else in the house?"

"No, I looked in the other rooms, too. That rug's valuable, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's quite a good old Persian one."

A perplexed frown gathered on Mrs. Duffy's face. "I do hope no one could've—come in and taken it."

"Hardly. Break in and take nothing else? Just one rug from an upstairs room?"

"No... doesn't seem likely."

They exchanged blank looks. It was soon after this that Lindsay arrived. He came down the long music-room to her. He said awkwardly: "I only looked in for a minute—and now I'm here I feel perhaps I shouldn't have come. I just wanted to say that if there was anything, anything at all I could do—"

She was sorry for him, embarrassed and ill at ease as he

was. There could hardly be a more difficult task than to console a woman to whom you had just declared your love on the death of her husband.

So they stood there, as separate as passengers on a bus. Once or twice he made a move to go, not a very determined move, another remark dropped and he turned back. Julia poured gin squashes, and before his glass was empty Katherine and Alec appeared.

Followed another ten minutes of constrained talk that did little to hide the tension each one so plainly felt. Alec

comes down—"and looking at no one, she told them what the detectives had come this afternoon to say, the real manner of Edmund's death."

It was Olive, in a black crepe sheath, and her entry was almost merciful, preventing, as it did, the smallest comment on the new development. That Olive hadn't killed Edmund could hardly be a subject for discussion just then!

Alec hurried to get her a drink; Katherine moved to the

FOR THE CHILDREN



stood downcast, looking at his shoes, murmuring into his moustache. Katherine's eyes were flung like spears about the room, at Alec, at Lindsay, at Julia.

Presently Mrs. Duffy showed in Pamela and Trevor. Pamela went quickly towards Julia and greeted and kissed her with no mournful airs.

Julia thought she heard a step on the landing above and nervously herself. "If this should be Olive," she said, "I think I ought to tell you before she

garden door and began talking about how short the rose season had been. Her glance invited Julia to follow her into the garden.

Out there, she riddled her with questions about the new, the unbelievable, turn events had taken. Poisoned! By someone waiting their moment in the outer office. Oh, horrible, horrible! As for the story of him being unfaithful with some other woman, she didn't, she couldn't believe it.

When she had expended her

stock of wrath and indignation she caught Julia's arm and said in her most woman-to-woman voice: "My dear, wouldn't you like me to take all these chattering people away? Alec and I only dropped in for a minute. We thought some of the family might cheer you up."

Julia waited, knowing that Katherine's soft words usually bore a sting in the tail.

It came, almost at once. They walked down under the dim coolness of the wistaria walk. "What an attractive young man! Who is he, did you say?"

"Lindsay Barrett. He was on the plane with me. He looked in to see if there was anything he could do."

"Rather an empty gesture, surely? Do remember you've always got Alec and me and Raymond to turn to in any emergency. I mean, him being here tonight. People are always so catty when a pretty young woman first loses her husband. And then again, I always think one has to be so careful of people one meets travelling."

"I didn't meet him travelling. He's a friend of Kay Broughton's. I met him there. He's come out to a job at the university."

"Oh? Of course that's different..." Katherine gave her little deprecatory laugh and finished her cocktail. "I suppose I had a bit of a lesson that time Alec brought home that man he'd travelled with from Hongkong and we simply couldn't get rid of him."

How easy it would be to quarrel with Katherine, Julia thought dryly, if you hadn't schooled yourself to put up with her never-ending criticism and advice. She said calmly now: "I don't think Lindsay'll be a nuisance. He's quite a nice, tactful person."

Katherine threw back the cloak and lifted her face to the sky. "Oh, what hell it will be until this mystery is solved! Who? Who? I ask you—who?"

Edmund, the best and kindest of men to everyone."

Julia waited again for the thrust to follow. It came. "To have perhaps your friends questioned and suspected! For instance, did this perfectly charming young man know you were going to meet Edmund at his office at half-past seven last night?"

Julia stepped forward and snapped off half a dozen brown heads of flower from the camellia bush.

Stepping back she said, "Katherine, what are you drinking? Let me get you another." She took Katherine's empty glass and led the way back into the house.

And yet one part of her regretted the snub. Still, Katherine had gone a bit far this time.

Pamela and Trevor were leaving. Julia went out into the hall with them.

Impatiently, she wished that she could occasionally see Pamela alone, but it hardly ever seemed possible now. Whenever she rang to arrange something, Pam said: "Love to, we'll be there. I think we're free that evening." We! We! She was like a vessel into which Trevor's charm, Trevor's fascination, was always flowing. She spilled it out to everyone, expecting them, commanding them, to drink and like it. So gaily opinionated once, she was gaily opinionated still—with his opinions!

She said now, putting her prettily painted mask of a face close to Julia's: "Trevor was just saying he thought it'd be healthier for Lady Macbeth to be a little further away from the scene of the crime for a while." She glanced back into the room to where Olive, a sombre figure, white-faced and silent, sat apart from the others.

Julia said: "It can't be just yet. Later, yes. Luckily, Edmund left her five thousand pounds and that little place at Anchor Beach. But for the next week or so—where? That's the question. That highly respectable boarding-

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Continuing . . . Murder Was Her Welcome

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house? Where they'd be expecting her to put poison in the custard!"

"No. . . . The Pacific at Manly? . . . Or Palm Beach?"

"Everyone will have read about it, wherever she goes."

"Under a false beard, then!"

"Now listen, darling, you're taking Katherine's line."

"Not at all. No, no, no! We're thinking of Olive herself—aren't we, Trevor? Not of what people'll say."

Trevor quietly drew them out on to the porch. "Yes, really, Julia. I was only thinking of the poor girl herself. She looks to me more than a little emotionally off balance. Here, under your eye she can't fail to dramatise herself. And in this house, with your friends coming in and out—she doesn't know whether she's going to get sympathy or blame, a pat or a kick. After all, she did trigger off the tragedy. It's enough to give anyone a nervous breakdown."

When Julia went back into the house she found that Lindsay was in the hall, about to leave, and that the inspector had come down the stairs.

Grogan had paused and was engaging Lindsay in one of those all-too-disarmingly friendly talks.

He was saying, as Julia joined them at the foot of the stairs: "So, of course, you only landing up in Sydney yesterday, you didn't know Mr. Wetherby."

There was enough question in the inspector's voice to make Lindsay shake his head. "No, I never met him, I only saw him."

"During the day at the hotel, that'd be?"

"No, I didn't know Mr. and Mrs. Wetherby were staying there till I met Mrs. Wetherby before dinner in the lounge."

"When you shared a taxi with her round to the office?"

"Yes, it was then I saw Mr. Wetherby."

Speechless, Julia stared at Lindsay. He stood looking at the inspector with that penetrating myopic gaze of his. His clear clipped speech left fall the staggering statement as casually as though it had been just one more addition to the small, empty passage of words.

"Yes," he continued; "Mrs. Wetherby went into the building and I stood at the street doorway for a minute and saw her husband come out of his office and kiss her. Only a momentary glimpse of a tall man with red hair."

Still not seeming to notice the gulf of silence into which his words had fallen, Lindsay turned to a table and took up his bat. Turning back he said: "Well, I must be off."

Neither of them took any notice of him, and he stopped and drew back the hand he had held out to Julia, stared from one to the other.

She leant against the banisters, avoiding his eye. It was difficult enough, she found, to meet the inspector's!

Grogan said: "I thought you said, Mrs. Wetherby, that you waited around alone in the lobby for those eight minutes until it was time to go upstairs to your husband?"

And oh! the dim sound of her own voice: "That's what I said . . ."

How all too unfortunate this was! The suppression of one small fact, and that fact had become a mountain, looming up menacingly.

"I'm afraid you'll have to forgive me, Inspector," she began.

"Isn't exactly a matter of forgiveness, Mrs. Wetherby," he interrupted with a shade less of his normal amiability. "We naturally feel that anyone that's genuine in their regret at the death of their

nearest and dearest wants the killer to be caught. See?"

She felt her face flame. "Yes, of course, of course. I must apologise. I didn't mean to mislead you, it was just that I—Really it didn't seem worth mentioning."

"It makes our job a little hard, you know, if people start to use their own judgment about what they'll conceal from us and what they won't."

Lindsay was looking down thoughtfully, a slight frown between his eyes. His thickish lips had come together in a sombre line. His stillness was speech in itself.

She said: "I just ran in to say hello to a friend whose office is on the ground floor."

LINDSAY lifted his eyes and looked at her. His hand went up to the shaft of his glasses and straightened them meticulously.

She thought, Yes, take a good look at me, Lindsay! You'll never, I hope, see me to worse advantage. Like a stammering schoolgirl caught out in a lie!

"Mr. Ivan Fitzpatrick?" Grogan said. "The gentleman that was in court with Miss Lockwood this morning?"

"Yes, I asked him to be there to give her a little support."

"He's an old friend, you say?"

"Oh, yes, I've known him a long time. He was a friend of my husband's before we were married. So having a few minutes to spare, and seeing his light on . . ."

"He was working late, too, was he?"

"Obviously." She heard the dryness in her own tone, the irritation at the slant things were taking, then reminded herself that she had brought it on her own—and Ivan's—head. Remember still more, she advised herself, that Edmund was not just dead, but that someone had murdered him—deliberately—in the coldest of cold blood—in offering a half stunned man a "reviving" drink!

She moved a little away from them and sat down on a chair by the table. She was relieved to see that the door of the music-room was almost shut. Though little talk came from in there, she doubted if anything they were saying here could be heard.

"Cigarette, please, Lindsay."

He took out his case and gave her one and lighted it. Again, she deliberately avoided meeting his eye. There was too much to expect him, as yet, to understand and condone. There was the fact that she

had hurried him away from the hotel, saying she would be only just in time for Edmund. Her watch had been a few minutes fast. Ivan had pointed that out to her.

"You can give me a few minutes," Ivan had said as he drew her into his office. "Look—it's only just after twenty past seven."

Then there was that so enveloping embrace of his in the doorway. How was Lindsay to know that that meant nothing to her?

She looked past him to where Grogan waited and said: "Mr. Fitzpatrick and I chatted for a few minutes, then I heard somebody coming down the stairs and I said goodbye and left him."

"Did he shut his door when you went out?"

"I didn't notice, I don't remember."

"Funny now, when Miss Lockwood came down in such a state—and this gentleman being an old friend—that you didn't call him to help you?"

"I didn't think to," she said.

"Miss Lockwood cried, 'Brandy, get some brandy,' and I ran out with her instinctively."

Yes, why hadn't she thought to call Ivan and go instantly upstairs with him? The tragedy would have been averted, Edmund's life saved if she had.

She sat and stared at the wavering plume of smoke rising from her cigarette. Naturally anyone with whom she seemed to be at all intimate, and who was there at the time of Edmund's death, would take first place in any picture the detectives were building up: a murder for love of her and greed of Edmund's money. She and Ivan—old lovers, they would think—meeting for those eight minutes to embrace and sigh at her marriage that was keeping them apart.

Then Olive's outcry, overheard by Ivan, and she and Olive running out of the building, and he running up—fifty seconds up the stairs. Yes . . . yes . . . so simple! But so utterly impossible. The thought of Ivan having cyanide all ready to drop into a drink for Edmund!

Grogan—his eyes on the youthfully slender figure in the white dress, the hair of muted gold, the face so pretty it was hard to look away from—was thinking very much along these lines. Somebody last night had made this little lady a very rich widow! It was difficult not to think it was some bloke that meant to benefit from it.

"When you came back with the brandy, was Mr. Fitzpatrick still in his office?" he asked.

Julia wanted to say, no, he had left, but she had had her lesson. No more juggling with the truth!

"I'm afraid I can't say yes or no to that," she told him. "Again, I didn't notice."

"You didn't notice if his door was open and his light still on?"

"No, I didn't give him a thought. I was in such a state of agitation I just flew up the stairs."

"I see. Yes. H'm . . ."

Grogan strolled away and took a look at the receding afternoon through the open doorway. Coming back, he said to Lindsay: "So you watched Mrs. Wetherby into the building? And did you know Mr. Barrett here was practically on your heels. Mrs. Wetherby?"

Before she could answer, Lindsay said quickly: "You couldn't call it that. As I told you, I was in the street doorway. I didn't go in."

"And then you drove on down to the Quay?"

"No, I walked."

"Oh? How's that? Mrs. Wetherby said you took the taxi on down to the Neutral Bay wharf."

Julia gave a half laugh. "Please don't think I was trying to lead you astray again! I thought he had. You did say you were going to, didn't you, Lindsay?"

"Yes, I did. But when you'd gone I paid off the taxi and strolled down."

"You travelled out on the plane with Mrs. Wetherby, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"I understand, Mrs. Wetherby, you first booked on a later plane and changed to this one. Just to have a bit of company on the flight, I suppose?"

Julia said yes to this, too. It seemed the simplest way of shutting down on this point. She crushed out her cigarette and stood up, with that crisp movement that can so successfully speed a guest towards the door.

Unsuccessfully this time, as at that moment Ivan came hurrying up the steps. He entered the hall with that confident air of his, confident that he would be made much of. He had developed to perfection the technique of the ever-welcome guest, and now he looked at the three in the hall with pleased expectancy; went across and greeted Julia; was introduced to Lindsay and the inspector.

Grogan said with a laugh:

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 25, 1957

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"Professor Browne's Study," ATN
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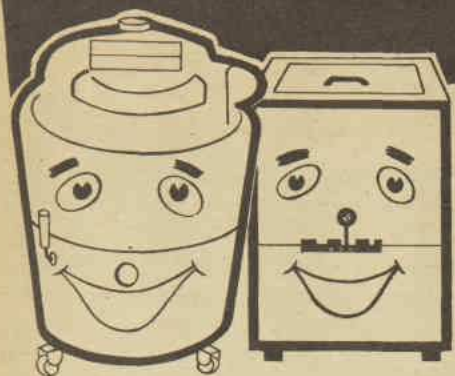
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Continuing . . . Murder Was Her Welcome

from page 64

"Well, well, here's your red-headed man, Mr. Barrett. The one you mistook last night for Mrs. Wetherby's husband."

"Me?" Ivan rapidly blinked his lightish eyes, looking from one to the other. Julia explained. He pulled a face. "That's the worst of a long friendship, Julia, darling. The kiss of habit . . . the kiss of husband."

Lindsay gave him a cool, quiet stare. Julia, seeing the look, thought, Lindsay, darling, you couldn't be jealous of dear old Ivan!

Informed of the new facts of Edmund's death, Ivan showed not the slightest hesitancy in telling everything he knew about last night. Which was exactly nothing, he said, beyond the fact that he had had an early dinner and returned to his office to do one or two things, and must have been in the building when the tragedy occurred, for he hadn't left his office until at least five minutes after Mrs. Wetherby left him.

"Rather quickly, she ran off," he recalled, "and I thought she'd heard her husband coming down and didn't want to keep him waiting."

"Did you hear footsteps coming down?" Grogan asked.

"Of course, of course, my door was open while she was with me."

"How did you come to think it was a man's footsteps? Miss Lockwood was in high-heeled shoes, and the sound of a woman running in high heels on stone . . ."

Ivan ran his hands through his unruly red hair. "Yes, now . . . why did I? I suppose I expected Edmund, so didn't take any note of it."

"Didn't you hear the outcry Miss Lockwood made?"

"No, no, nothing at all. I'd shut my door when Mrs. Wetherby went out. I'd hardly have stayed in my room messing about putting the cover on the typewriter if I'd known they were in any kind of trouble."

"Do you often work back, Mr. Fitzpatrick?"

"Not nearly as often as I wish the pressure of business made necessary," he said with a cheerful grin. "You see, Inspector, I live in a small flat in Phillip Street just round the corner, and sometimes at night the office is as pleasant a place as my bachelor rooms. Rather more so, really, because I'm not likely to be dropped in on by old pals wanting to borrow a tenner."

When the police had taken themselves off and their car had sped up the road and left a welcome rush of silence in their wake, Julia went with Lindsay up to the gate. It was dark now, and she was aware of a stiffness in his carriage as he walked beside her between the trees of the drive.

She broke the silence with difficulty. "I'm frightfully sorry, Lindsay, that you arrived when the police were here."

"I'm sorry I came at all, Julia."

"Oh? That's rather unkind of you."

"Though perhaps I should feel extremely glad."

"I see what you're getting at."

"I'm sure you do. It's given me the eye-opener I needed. I realise what a fool I've made of myself. Pesteering you with my attentions! It would have been kinder—or may I say more honest?—if you'd given me the real reason for the prohibitions you laid down yesterday. We mustn't meet again. You were thinking only of my career! You didn't want me to start in on a course of dishonesty and intrigue! I mustn't even write to you for fear my work would suffer! And you had to rush off to meet your husband. You were only just in time!"

"I thought that was so, my watch was fast, I—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake! I'm quite ashamed of myself. Putting you in the dock! What right have I got to? You never gave me anything, all the whole fortnight. And when we landed you chopped me down, very rightly."

"What's all the complaint about, then?" Her temper had begun to rise, her voice was unsteady.

"I told you, your lack of straightness, that you didn't say to me, 'There's someone at home I'm going back to. Someone to whose arms I'm just waiting to fly!'"

"Ivan!" she cried, and laughed almost hysterically. "Is that his name?"

They reached the gates of the drive and stood in the denser darkness of a magnolia tree's shadow. The scent of the giant white cups spilled over and mingled with the salty sweetness of the breeze from the harbor. She felt its moisture on lips and lashes.

HE said: "Of course I know it's foolish to blame any woman for vanity. Especially any woman as beautiful, as—as enchanting as you. Still . . . there it is. You couldn't bring yourself to say to me that I hadn't the faintest chance with you because you loved someone else. You had to make a tender renunciation that would leave your image still glowing in my mind, leave me still hankering after you."

"Lindsay," she began, and laid a hand on his arm.

He put up his hand and lifted hers off, as though it had been a blundering white moth in the darkness. "Please don't," he said.

She turned and walked quickly away from him down the drive, and heard his steps, no less decisive than her own, hurrying away up the road.

A little later that evening Grogan and Manning were the unwelcome intruders at a foursome in Pamela's flat.

Trevor had gone back with her from Julia's, and Sam and Baba Carroll had hurried across with a bottle of rum and a mouthful of questions. Trevor went into the kitchen and brought back glasses. He took off his coat and hung it over a chair back, rolled up his shirt sleeves, and poured drinks. No one could be a more enthusiastic host than Trevor—in other people's houses.

Baba, in scarlet matador pants and a brief black bodice, plumped down on the sofa. Her brown velvet eyes were wide on Trevor's face as she listened to the new facts of Edmund's death. One plump little hand held the glass of rum, the other arm was draped round Sam's neck as he sprawled beside her.

Pamela looked tired. Curled up in the big chair, her vitality seemed for once to have suffered an eclipse, expended as it had been without a break since six that morning, when standing in here in her nightgown she had read the newspaper story of Edmund's death. She drained the glass Trevor had given her and held it out for another.

Baba punctuated Trevor's story with little outcries of horror and incredulity. "He was so rich," Trevor said, staring down at the bubbles rising in his glass. "Money's a great temptation. I wonder if he was known to carry a lot on him."

GROGAN wanted to know about a cheque stub in Mr. Wetherby's book, dated on the Friday before he died, drawn in her favor, a cheque for two thousand pounds. What they'd be glad to know was if this money was a gift or a loan or a business transaction between her and the deceased?

Pamela said: "It was business, Inspector." She took a packet of cigarettes from the table, held it out to him automatically, put it down at his head-shake, and lighted one for herself.

All her energy restored, she perched her seven stone nothing on a chair arm as she told them that a little while ago she approached Mr. Wetherby—who was a very old friend of hers—about a chance she had of going into business with a woman friend in a little shop at Double Bay. The prospects were excellent. The minimum capital she needed right away was a couple of thousand pounds, and he agreed to let her have it.

Mr. Wetherby, as they knew—or perhaps they didn't—was one of those men who apart from their big interests

"Did he?"

"Oh, I don't know. I was only wondering. I know that some of these rich men go about with wads of it stuffed into their wallets."

Pamela shook her head. "Not Edmund, darling, not a man like Edmund. I was thinking more along the lines of that affair he was supposed to have been having with some other woman. A crime of passion, jealousy."

"Yes, that's what I was thinking. After all, he wasn't young," Baba reminded them. "And men of that age can get up to such odd tricks. I mean . . . you know! Especially if they're rather the repressed sort of type, as I always thought he was. Not that I met him often, but that's the way it struck me. Didn't you think so, pet? Didn't you think so?" She stooped over the recumbent Sam.

He slipped farther down, sinking his sandy head on her cushioned thigh. "Couldn't say, pal. Didn't know him well enough. I'm only a newspaper hack. Me and magnates—never the twain shall meet. Thanks, boy, fill it up again. After all . . ."

Unsaid the ending: after all, Edmund was dead, but they were all victoriously alive.

Down below in the street the traffic roared by, sending up the hoots of taxis and the grinding of bus gears. The fumes of alcohol filled the cramped room as they talked.

After a brief consultation in the doorway, and the passing of a note from Pamela's hand to his, Trevor went down and came back parcel laden; and seated round the table again they affirmed their triumphant aliveness in the enjoyment of the pink-tinged white flesh of lobster and crusty French bread and a dish of rosy peaches and Pamela's excellent coffee.

It was thus that Grogan and Manning found them. Grogan was all apologies. "Now isn't this too bad, interrupting you folk at your tea?"

"That's quite all right. You wanted to see me?" Pamela got up. She went into the bathroom and washed her hands, painted her mouth afresh, and came back and smiled up at Grogan with the engaging readiness with which in the shop she confronted a difficult customer.

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Mr. Wetherby, as they knew—or perhaps they didn't—was one of those men who apart from their big interests

have a number of small iron in a great many fires, small manufacturing businesses, shops, restaurants, that sort of thing. He had been, she said, a man of unlimited energy and knowledge of affairs, and he had had—if she might say so—no little respect for her as a business woman.

She looked down at the tip of her cigarette and her face was sombre. "His death is a great blow to me apart from missing him as a friend. He would've advised and helped me in the business, and nothing he had a hand in ever failed."

"Yes, he'll be a loss to a lot of his friends, I reckon," Grogan said commiseratingly. Against the background of the table, with the lobster claws and peach skins, the wreck of the rum bottle and the three flushed, heavy-eyed sitters there, the inspector was a pillar of navy blue serge and white linen and shining hair and shoes.

Manning wrenched his eyes from the four inches of pearly flesh between Baba's skin-tight bodice and scarlet pants. "What sort of a shop was this you're setting up in?" he asked Pamela.

"Lingerie," she told him. "Underclothes, bits of nonsense, you know."

"Yeah." He gave a sour nod. He knew! Made by sweated foreign girls in back rooms and sold by this dame at four hundred per cent. profit!

"Did anyone else know of this arrangement?" he asked.

She nodded. "Mr. Wetherby discussed it with my lawyer, of course. Our plans were well advanced, if that's what you mean."

"And on the Friday he gave you the cheque?"

"He posted it to me before he left for the country. I paid it into my account yesterday."

"Did Mrs. Wetherby know about this shop project?"

"Well . . . it was only finally settled during the last week or two. He may have written her about it. I haven't had time or opportunity to mention it to her yet. But needless to say she would have been heart and soul in favor of it."

"Where did you meet to talk about the business?" The melancholy blue eyes resting on her were cynical.

"In his office, when I first approached him, and on the telephone, and we lunched once or twice."

"And at his home?"

"No. No, we didn't happen to go there."

Becoming social, the inspector drew the table sitters into the conclave, learnt of the degree of their acquaintance with the deceased, slight in the Carrolls' case, they admitted—if a little muzzily enunciated by Baba as she sat with her rounded elbows on the table and her sweet baby-face cupped in her hands.

Trevor knew Wetherby quite well, he said, and many a good dinner he had had at his house and he heartily hoped that the so-and-so who'd done him in would very soon be run to earth.

Joining with him in this pious hope, the detectives left and shut themselves into the lift.

Sinking downwards, Grogan was meditating on the occupants of the room just left. "Wetherby was laying off the drink, his secretary says . . . Wonder what he'd switched to in the way of women? Light and dry or full-bodied and sweet?"

Getting into the police car below, he directed the driver to the Union Club.

To be continued

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flirt with me. Or can't you resist the chance of a bit of practice just to keep your hand in?"

He reached out to switch on the engine. Jerking off the brake, he glanced at her. "It won't work, Carrots; we know each other too well. Think I'd let you have the laugh on me by falling for your little tricks?"

But he could draw no answer out of her all the way home. Finally, at her parents' gate, he got out of the car and helped her on to the pavement with an ironical bow. "Good-night, Carrots," he said. "Sorry you drew a blank with me."

His laughter followed her as she stalked up the path to the front door.

Sandra went back to town by the Sunday afternoon train. There was no sign of Steve's car outside the cottage as she and her parents walked to the station. For some reason she was maliciously triumphant at the thought of his surprise when he found she was gone without saying goodbye.

Robert was waiting to meet

her at the city terminus. She saw his anxious eyes searching urgently for her among the crowds waiting on the platform. She called him. "Robert! I'm here, darling!"

"Sandra!" His hands caught hers in a fumbling clasp. "I've missed you so much. The exam was awful. I'm sure I've failed."

"Now, you mustn't say that." She looked in concern at his shadowed, tired face.

"You shouldn't have come to meet me. Why didn't you rest after your exams?"

"Because there's something I want to ask you. I can't relax till I know your answer." He took her suitcase and hurried her past the ticket barrier, across the grey entrance hall, and out into the street.

Sandra was conscious of a slight exasperation. What a time to choose, she couldn't help thinking. I'm tired and confused after a long journey and I've got rather a headache. Besides, after their brief parting she felt unexpectedly out of tune with Robert. It would pass, of course, but she

Continuing . . .

just wasn't in the mood for a proposal. Why couldn't he have waited until tomorrow evening, when she would be prepared?

His next words answered her. Arm through hers and fingers locked tightly about her wrist, he said, "Darling, being separated from you, even for a few days, made me realise how much I need you near me all ways. I wasn't going to ask you till I'd passed my finals, but suddenly this afternoon I decided I had to know. Sandra—will you marry me?"

A bus roared past. When its fading noise allowed her to talk, she said, "Oh, Robert, I—I don't know what to say."

"You've got to say 'Yes', Sandra." Desperately, he faced her, gripping her arms. "I can't live without you."

It's funny, she was thinking almost dispassionately, I'd made up my mind to accept him if he asked me tomorrow. But because he's asked me tonight, when I don't feel ready for it, I feel too cantankerous to commit myself.

"You've taken me rather by surprise, darling," she said, "and I've got such a headache I can't think clearly."

"Sandra, I'm sorry." He released her quickly, with his rare, lop-sided smile. "I'll take you straight home now and you can give me your answer tomorrow. I'm a selfish blighter, being so impatient."

"That's all right." She took his arm as they walked on towards the block of flats where she lived. "I don't think sea air does me much good when I'm not used to it," she said apologetically.

Robert pressed her hand. "What did you do with yourself all the weekend?" he asked, as if he, too, realised that his untimely proposal had jarred, and wanted desperately to show his repentance.

"Oh, nattered to Mother, helped Dad in the garden, went for walks. Oh, and on Saturday night I went dancing." She was relieved to get the conversation on to an easier level.

"Dancing? Who with?" "Only Steve." She withdrew her hand from the crook of his elbow to get out her door-key. "He's home for a few weeks."

Busy with her handbag, she looked up in surprise as Robert said, "You don't waste much time, do you?"

"What do you mean, darling?" She looked in puzzled concern at his thin, frowning face in the lamplight, with the lock of brown hair blowing across his brow.

"You seem in pretty much of a hurry to go dancing with other fellows as soon as you're away from me."

She laughed. "It's nothing like that. Steve and I have known each other since we built sandcastles together. We just kept each other company because we both felt—well, rather out of place after living away from home for so long."

"Is he attractive?" "Most girls seem to think so."

"And you?" "Darling, don't look so grim. Steve's the kind of person you can't take seriously."

"You seem to have taken him seriously enough to change so much towards me."

"Robert, for heaven's sake!" Suddenly her temper snapped. She was tired of reassuring him, tired of his perpetual anxiety about one thing or another. "I've told you there's nothing to be jealous about. If you can't trust me, there doesn't seem any point in our getting married."

With that she turned and left him, her heels tapping in staccato haste.

To her surprise she slept

This Time It's Love

from page 21

soundly all night long. But, although on Monday morning she awoke refreshed, it was impossible to recapture her old tenderness towards Robert. Perhaps her temper would improve in a few days, but at present she had the totally unexpected feeling that she wouldn't mind if she never saw him again.

He phoned her almost as soon as she arrived at work. "Sandra . . ." His voice was half lost amid the clatter of typewriters. "I haven't slept all night. Please say you'll forgive me."

"Of course." She glanced round her in embarrassment. This was neither the time nor the place for an intimate telephone conversation. "It was really my fault."

"No, no. It was mine. Darling, come dancing with me tonight?"

"Yes, I'd love to. We'll talk everything over then. Good-bye for now." She rang off hastily, her cheeks hot, as if everyone in the room could guess the situation.

Despite Sandra's efforts to talk naturally and easily, the evening was not a success. Robert was too tense. They had dinner first, but he hardly touched his. "I haven't felt hungry since last night," he said.

"Robert, you must try to eat. You'll make yourself ill if you go off your food every time you're upset."

She had a sudden vision of a lifetime of looking after him. This was what marriage to Robert would mean. She could imagine him as a doctor, worrying over his cases. If he ever passed his finals, that was. He had only taken up medicine because his father wished it.

While they were dancing, later, he suddenly said, "Darling, don't keep me in suspense any longer." He seemed oblivious of the people around them. But Sandra was acutely aware of them.

Very quietly and calmly she said, "Robert, I believe the best thing we can do is to separate for a time, so that we can sort ourselves out."

"I don't see what there is to sort out." There was a note of obstinacy in his voice.

"Well, all right. If you insist on an answer straight away, I'm afraid it will have to be 'no'."

"Sandra—darling—you know how much I need you." He tightened his hold of her.

Yes, but do I need you? She asked the question and answered it silently. The only way I can find out is by seeing how I get along without you.

It took time and patience to convince him without causing a scene. But at last he agreed, reluctantly, to a month's separation. During the first fortnight he contrived to meet her "by accident" so often in the streets near her office that Sandra decided to take her fortnight's holiday early and go right away.

It was too early for a proper holiday, so she wrote to warn her mother and followed the letter herself on a sunny Monday morning. The blue sea sparkled as if there was a star on every wave as she walked along the road from the station.

The sight of an estate agent's board outside the cottage where Steve lived gave her heart a jolt. His car was parked by the open front door, loaded with bundles and books.

Sandra hesitated, then tapped on the door.

"Come in." His voice sounded abrupt, resentful of interruption. He was bending over a packing case in the small front parlor, shirt sleeves rolled up, a cigarette end stuck to his lower lip.

"So you really meant it," she said, standing in the doorway. "You're selling the cottage."

"Oh, it's you." He removed the cigarette, dropped it on the bare boards, and ground it with his toe. Dusting his hands together, he commented, "You're back soon. Boy-friend with you?"

"No." She advanced into the room, looking about her at the strangeness of its empty walls. Steve watched her. "I thought you'd be bringing him down to ask for your hand."

"Well, you thought wrongly." She turned to face him. "I've decided that what Robert needs is a mother, not a wife, so I'm going to break it up."

"Oh?" Steve's tone was polite but disinterested. She felt forlorn. For so long Steve had been a friend whose unchanging good humor she could rely upon. But now he seemed distant, almost impatient.

"Have you—have you found a buyer for the cottage?" she asked.

"Yes. They're moving in today. And I'm moving out." He glanced round the floor, then added, "Excuse me a moment. I want to get some pictures I'm taking with me."

Sandra nodded mutely. Left alone, she wandered about the hollow, echoing room. Suddenly she turned to the wall, put up her arm and rested her head against it in a sudden rush of tears.

"Sandra!" Steve came close to her. "What's the matter?"

She was almost as taken aback as he by her own overwhelming unhappiness. "I just feel as if—as if I've come to the end of everything," she said shakily.

"Well, if you chucked the fellow of your own accord, I don't see what there is to cry about." When she didn't answer, Steve went on, "Oh, come on, this is just the usual end-of-the-chapter feeling. You'll get over it. Plenty more fish in the sea."

"It isn't only that," she faltered. "It's you selling the cottage."

"I explained all that to you." He crossed to the window and stared out, hands in pockets. "It's a shame, but it can't be helped."

"What about you? Won't you ever come back here now?"

"Why should I?" After a moment of silence he looked round, then came swiftly across to her. "Carrots, I haven't seen you cry since I broke your favorite doll. I didn't know you still could."

"You don't know everything about me." She sniffed hard. "You always think the worst of me. I don't know why."

"Perhaps to protect myself. Because I knew your fatal charm and didn't want to become just another of your victims."

He drew her firmly into his arms and patted her shoulder. "However, there comes a time when every man decides to give way and stick his neck out. My firm have offered me rather a tempting desk job with a house thrown in. Since your affections are not at present otherwise engaged, and since I might as well settle down now that such a good opportunity presents itself, how about it?"

"You mean—?" She pulled away to stare up at him.

"I mean you're being offered the chance to refuse your umpteenth proposal. But before you do so I intend to kiss you."

He carried out his intention with such thoroughness that afterwards Sandra had no breath left to speak. But somehow there didn't seem any need when her arms were locked tightly about his neck.

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"PUT RINSO IN THE KITCHEN" CONTEST RESULTS

Prizewinners in the "Put Rinso in the Kitchen" Contest

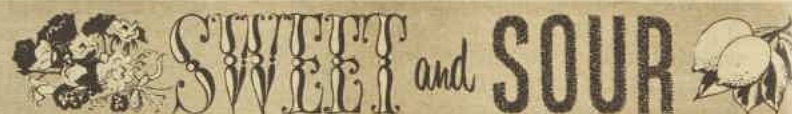
Congratulations to all these lucky winners! The makers of Rinso wish to thank all contestants for their high standard of entries.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1000 CASH:

Mrs. I. D. Conlon, Forest Range, S.A.

One hundred prizes each of £10 cash:

Mrs. D. Alderice, Portrush Road, Linden Park, S.A.
Mrs. C. Asmusen, 19 Charles St., Toowoomba, Q.
Mrs. J. August, 24 Baille Street, Mosman Park, W.A.
Mrs. E. A. Baker, 39 Hanesley St., North Beach, W.A.
Mrs. N. Barren, Herberton Road, Altherton, Q.
Mrs. O. M. Bartlett, Musgrave Road, Red Hill, Q.
Miss D. J. Behnam, Malurus Ave., Lockleys, S.A.
K. Benni, Box 15, P.O., Macknade, Q.
Mrs. R. Bird, Railway Parade, Minnamurra, N.S.W.
A. C. Blechmore, "Lara," via Noggerup, W.A.
Mrs. J. E. Breese, 29 Beat Street, Devonport, Tas.
Miss G. Brockenbush, c/o Chic Salon, Carlingbah, N.S.W.
Miss S. Brotherton, Box 169, P.O., Trafalgar, Vic.
Joan Brunson, 19 Francis Street, Horsham, Vic.
E. C. Catford, Box 27, Appila, S.A.
J. Crawford, Glenman Drive, Holland Park, Q.
Mrs. P. Cullen, East Street, Yallourn Nth., Vic.
Sue Curtis, Maydena Place, Berridge, Tas.
Mrs. R. Daly, 1 Jeffrey Street, Bournemouth, Vic.
Mrs. A. S. Davis, Liverpool Street, Scone, N.S.W.
Mrs. B. Davis, Warrina Street, Nth. Cooma, N.S.W.
Mrs. D. J. Davis, West Yumburra, via Yass, N.S.W.
Mrs. J. Denham, Victoria Avenue, West Pyrmont, N.S.W.
Mrs. R. W. Desraux, Eastern Valley Way, Willoughby, N.S.W.
Mrs. M. Dwyer, Private Bag 150, East Tamar, Tas.
Margaret Eldridge, York Street, Ballarat, Vic.
Mrs. D. Ewing, August, W.A.
H. A. Penn, Lee Avenue, Hilton Park, W.A.
Mrs. N. Francis, 12 Admiral Street, Footscray, Vic.
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Mrs. E. Gobbett, Henderson Street, Inverell, N.S.W.
Mrs. N. Gordon, Cobham Avenue, West Hyde, N.S.W.
Mrs. M. Griffin, Guildford Road, Guildford, N.S.W.
M. P. Griffith, Margaret Avenue, Wagga, N.S.W.
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Mrs. M. Harwood, Davis Street, W. Coburg, Vic.
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Mrs. E. Hopwood, Kwart Street, Malvern, Vic.
Mrs. T. Ivory, "Umbarace," Wellington, N.S.W.
Mrs. R. James, c/o P.O. Bluff, Q'land.
V. J. Marsh, 106 Muller Road, Zillmere, Q'land.
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Mrs. J. D. Knox, Rosedale St., Coopers Plains, Q'land.
P. Lamshed, Box 81, Bute, S.A.
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Mrs. H. E. Lane, 132 Midson Road, Epping, N.S.W.
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Mrs. Millowick, Podraka, S.A.
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Mrs. K. V. Morris, 28 Muscat Ave., Berri, S.A.
Mrs. J. Motteram, Ravenscar St., Scarborough, W.A.
Mrs. D. Murphy, Maltravers Rd., East Ivanhoe, Vic.
P. J. Nagy, Rosetta Street, West Croydon, S.A.
Miss D. E. Nichol, Amanda St., Port Pirie, S.A.
Mrs. G. J. Noble, 37 Barrell Street, Eaglehawk, Vic.
T. O'Byrne, Quindalup, via Busselton, W.A.
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Miss M. Renshaw, Terry Street, Balwyn, Vic.
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Miss J. Shelton, 14 Peate Ave., Glen Iris, Vic.
Mrs. D. J. Skeer, Bexhill Road, Lismore, N.S.W.
Mrs. B. Smalles, Pacific Highway, Gateshead, N.S.W.
Miss C. Smith, Morris Street, Cumberland Park, S.A.
Mrs. T. J. Smith, Hawkestone Street, Cooteale, W.A.
I. Spence, Westley Street, Auburn, Vic.
Mrs. R. Steele, Holman Street, Melville, W.A.
M. Stewart, Orrong Road, Carlisle, W.A.
Miss D. G. Stokell, Celebrook, Tas.
Mrs. J. Sullivan, Bonds Road, Herne Bay, N.S.W.
Mrs. F. Valentine, 61 Charlotte St., Camptle, N.S.W.
Mrs. P. Teague, Churchill Crescent, Nth. Manly, N.S.W.
Mrs. C. Wallington, Watkins St., White Gum Valley, W.A.
Miss B. Walsh, Bellthorpe West, Woodford, Q'land.
B. Washington, Adams Rd., Quarry Hill, Vic.
H. M. Washbourne, Vale St., Waverly Heights, Q'land.
Mrs. J. E. Webb, The Grand Parade, Sutherland, N.S.W.
Mrs. E. S. White, Wanneroo Road, Tuart Hill, W.A.
A. S. J. Whiteley, Boucaut Ave., Kiama, W.A.
M. Williams, Empire Avenue, Manly, Q'land.
V. Williams, c/o Power House, Wangi Wangi, N.S.W.
Mrs. J. R. Young, 183 Raglan St., Mosman, N.S.W.
Mrs. L. C. Zerbe, High Street, Gladstone, S.A.



Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

I AM a grandfather and sometimes I feel more than my age. One day I went to a sale of wool for my wife and everyone pushed to get the bargains. An old lady said to me: "Look, young man, if you get to the counter first would you get my wool?"

Young man! I felt wonderful!

£2/2/- awarded to Mr. F. W. Bottomley, 32 Eulunga Ave., Aspendale, Vic.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

MY small daughter told her father that she wanted to be "just like Mummy" when she grew up. This made me quite proud until I heard her reasons.

She said: "Then I can have false teeth and wear glasses."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. C. Bourke, Box 28, Sevenlea, Stanthorpe, Qld.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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Fashion PATTERNS

F4673.—American-styled shirt-waist dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F4674.—Pretty late-day dress has a guipure lace neckline trim and new "belled-out" skirtline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. guipure lace edging. Price 4/-.

F4341.—Cool, front-buttoned one-piece dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F3989.—Wide-skirted pinafore and neatly tailored blouse. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires, pinafore 4½yds. 36in. material, and 1½yds. 36in. material for the blouse. Price 4/6.



F4675.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make summer blouse. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material and 2yds. bias binding. Price 2/6.

Needlework Notions

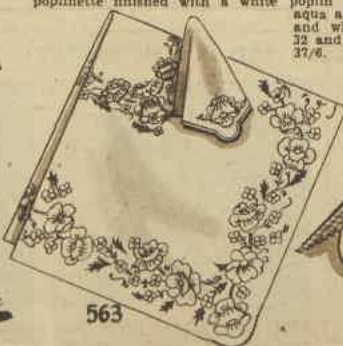
Nos. 561 and 562.—GIRL'S OR BOY'S DRESSING-GOWN. Tailored dressing-gowns obtainable cut out ready to make. The girl's gown is in floral seersucker, available in lemon and rose, rose and blue, pink and green, and turquoise and lilac, all printed on a white ground. The boy's gown is in striped cotton, available in green and white, tan and white, blue and white, and red and white. Both gowns are the same price. Sizes: 4 years, 18/3; 5 to 6 years, 21/6; 7 to 8 years, 24/9; 9 to 10 years, 26/3. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

No. 563.—SUNPER-CLOTH AND MATCHING SERVIETTES. Flower design sunper-cloth and matching serviettes are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider in cream and white linen. Cloth 25 by 36in., 41/9; 54 by 54in., 33/6. Postage and registration 2/3 extra. Serviettes 11 by 11in., 1/9 each. Postage 4d. extra.

Nos. 564 and 565.—WAIST APRONS. The aprons are available cut out ready to make. No. 564 is in check gingham with a white contrast, available in pink and white, blue and white, lemon and white, red and white, and black and white. No. 565, in plain cotton, is available in white, blue, lemon, and pink. Both aprons are 9/3 each. Postage 9d. extra. Set of two, 17/9. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 566.—MATERNITY SKIRT. The skirt is obtainable cut out ready to make in crease-resisting sundek. The color choice includes black, ash-grey, and junior navy. Sizes: 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 42/6. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

No. 567.—MATERNITY SMOCK. The smock is obtainable cut out ready to make in a pretty flower-printed poplinette finished with a white poplin collar. The color choice includes aqua and white, coffee and white, avocado and white, and grey and white. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 35/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 37/6. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.



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judging. Sitting beside Magnon at the finals is Carola, the vain but beautiful woman whose rejection of his marriage proposal started the whole contest. As Narda walks in front of Magnon, Carola is furious to see how impressed he is with her looks and poise. NOW READ ON:



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





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Are You Too Tense?

Answer the questions below:—

- When you go to bed, do you
(a) Fall asleep quickly? (b) Wake up
several times during the night? (c) Lie
awake worrying for some time?
- First thing in the morning do you
(a) Feel wide-awake and confident? (b)
Feel convinced that something unpleasant
is in store for you? (c) Feel tired and
listless even though you went to bed early?
- When the children are being noisy, do you
(a) Ask them to make less noise? (b)
Snap irritably at them? (c) Threaten to
deprive them of an outing if they don't
"keep quiet"?

CHECK YOUR ANSWERS: Should you find you score
more than one (b) or (c) answer, you are more than
normally prone to irritability, depression and sleep-
lessness. If you continue to experience these same
reactions, it would be as well if you started a course
of Sanatogen; for indications are that you may be
suffering from underlying nervous tension. Sanatogen is
not a drug, but a protein nerve tonic, of lasting value.
Sanatogen is recommended by doctors the world over
and is available from all chemists.

Sanatogen The PROTEIN
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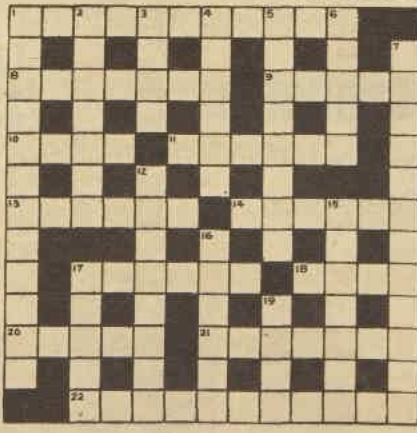
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- There is a likelihood to find broken bail
in rectitude (11).
- Denial of a fur sale (7).
- Nasal tone with an exhausted centre (5).
- Bone in the arm (4).
- Habitual practices starting in the U.S.A.
(6).
- Garden shrub starts opposite Cain (6).
- Ma, can I be raving? (6).
- 23 degrees 27min. from the equator (6).
- This precious stone is no friend (4).
- You have to repeat it for an Australian
weapon (5).
- Fit of passion in a cavity after tea (7).
- A she serpent
(Anagr., 11).



Solution of last week's
crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Variations of Puritan tomes
(12).
- Insult of a receiver (7).
- You find it in a legal society,
too (4).
- Treat badly a sick practice
(3, 3).
- Large tin (Anagr., 8, mathe-
matically speaking).
- The time from January 1
to December 31 taken more
than once (5).
- Use them if you are look-
ing for a missing friend (5,
7).
- Bull-headed human who
lived on human flesh (8).
- Brings in starting with the
devil (7).
- A plunger in stop (6).
- Flower, the end of which
closes the mouth (5).
- Makes foot by the dozen
(4).

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